

Vol. LVI, No. 1453
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LIFE PUBLISHING CO.

SPORTSMAN'S NUMBER

PRICE, 10 CENTS
SEPTEMBER 1, 1910
329

L I F E



F. COLES PHILLIPS



The Pierce-Arrow

Gil Spear

[Shopping with the Pierce-Arrow]

THE PIERCE-ARROW MOTOR CAR COMPANY, BUFFALO, N. Y. Licensed under Selden Pat.

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The White Gasoline Limousine Is Exactly the Right Size and Weight—and Exclusive in Style



IN every outline and detail it is beautiful, dignified and what it should be. Its equipment and specifications secure the most exclusive effects without sacrificing comfort and have that air of "class" that in itself spells the highest type of refinement. The extremely stylish body is roomy and will hold five passengers comfortably, without counting two on the driver's seat, yet by clever designing the car appears much smaller than it really is. Its weight is much less than other cars of this type.

The body is of a quality of aluminum easily repaired in case of pole dents, or the ordinary city accidents. You never feel it is too large, even when alone, yet it is not crowded when every seat is occupied.

The furnishings, from the inside dome electric lights to the toilet articles of exquisite daintiness, and silk curtains that shade the French plate windows, are of the finest quality, and, like the car itself, exactly what they should be.

Broadcloth, whipcord or leather, whichever is selected for upholstery, comes in any shade desired and all from the White factory, bearing the White

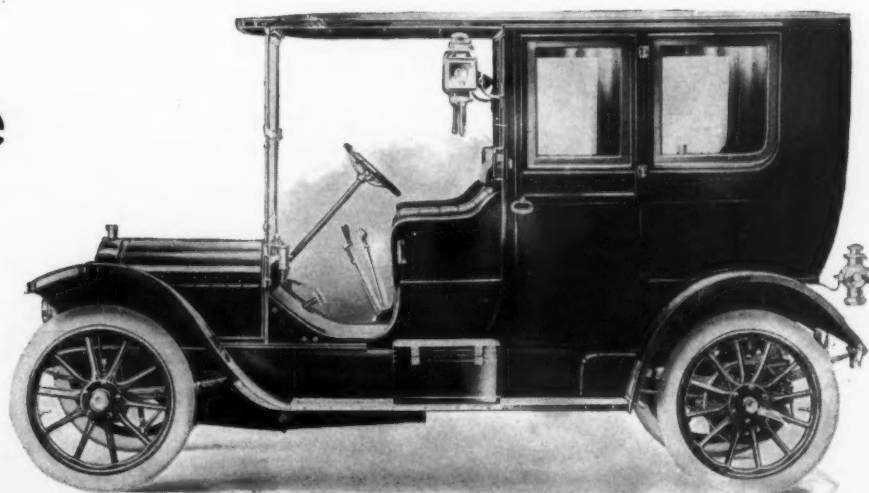
guarantee. The window spaces are the right size and carefully planned to give the most comfort and elegance to the occupants. The window sashes are of polished rosewood, brass beveled, and the doors are extremely wide and low—a feature greatly appreciated by women when elaborate toilets are worn.

The chauffeur's seat is protected with side curtains and a folding glass shield. In fact, no possible necessity—or even luxury of equipment—has been overlooked.

The White Company, 852 East 79th Street, Cleveland, Ohio

(16)

The White Limousine



Brighton Garters

Other garters are heavily padded to keep the metal from the skin. The shape of the Brighton metal prevents it touching the leg. See how a pencil slips beneath.

25 cents every-where—or we mail them.

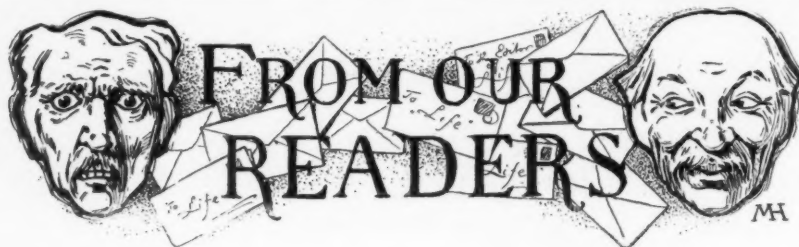


Flat as this sheet of paper; stronger but lighter than any other garter; fitted to prevent binding, chafing, or tiring the leg; so secure that the sock can neither slip nor tear; pure silk webs—any color.

PIONEER SUSPENDER CO.

ESTABLISHED 1877

PHILADELPHIA



Does Not Agree with Us

EDITOR OF LIFE:

LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY,

New York City.

DEAR SIR.—The articles against "vivisection" appearing from time to time in LIFE have been read with some interest. I dislike the general tone of these articles, and wish to say why.

The growth of scientific knowledge is slow. At this time when so much work has been done it is rarely the case that a few simple experiments can produce results of great importance. Instead, many men, working in many branches of scientific investigation, are daily adding to the store of available knowledge, with the result that in time

we shall know something worth while. It is just like saving money; a large amount is not secured in a lump, but a little now and a little more next week will result in a deposit that is worth something in a few years.

It is admitted that there are worthless investigators in the medical sciences, but it is denied that any noteworthy amount of cruelty forms a part of the investigations. There are laws in most States that provide ample punishment for needless cruelty to animals. If direct testimony could be produced instead of the hearsay which seems to form so large a part of "antivivisection" argument some punishment would be meted out. But there have been few convictions. Therefore, it would seem that there is little needless cruelty. It may be said, of course, that the experiments are conducted in secret; but if there is actual crime, surely evidence can be produced to prove it. Those opposed to animal experimentation can do a real service, to science as well as to the country at large, by securing actual convictions of such offenders, instead of talking so much about it.

K-C

IF rugs are to be needed in the Fall, Summer is the time to buy them.

KENT-COSTIKYAN

INCORPORATED

Murray Hill Building

8 West 38th Street, New York

It seems that one of the main tenets of the "antivivisectionists" is that animals shall not suffer that mankind may live more comfortably. All right. Now let us see if anything besides animal experimentation will conflict with this.

I submit that, for every animal that dies in the laboratory, twenty are killed in the forests for the fur they bear; and that each such animal, caught in the trap, suffers five times as much as

(Continued on page 334)

Martin & Martin shoe-service by-post affords to patrons at a distance an opportunity to secure literal correctness and the acme of comfort in footwear, quite as satisfactorily by mail as in person.

We offer you in ready-to-wear shoes, all the comfort and satisfaction of custom service—the result of our life-long experience in custom boot making—yet you pay only for the material, built-in value of the shoes.

Let us demonstrate the efficiency of the plan and the economic value of the shoes.



A Martin & Martin Model

Black Russian calf boot. High arch, medium heel. A common sense walking shoe of faultless style.

PRICE TEN DOLLARS

Upon request we will furnish large photographic reproductions of other current models for street, dress or sporting wear. You may open a charge account by furnishing the usual commercial references.

Perfect records are kept of all our fittings, so all you will need to do after your first order is to write or wire your requirements as to kind of shoes or occasion of wearing and the right shoes will go forward within the hour—without our risk and upon our guaranty of perfect satisfaction.

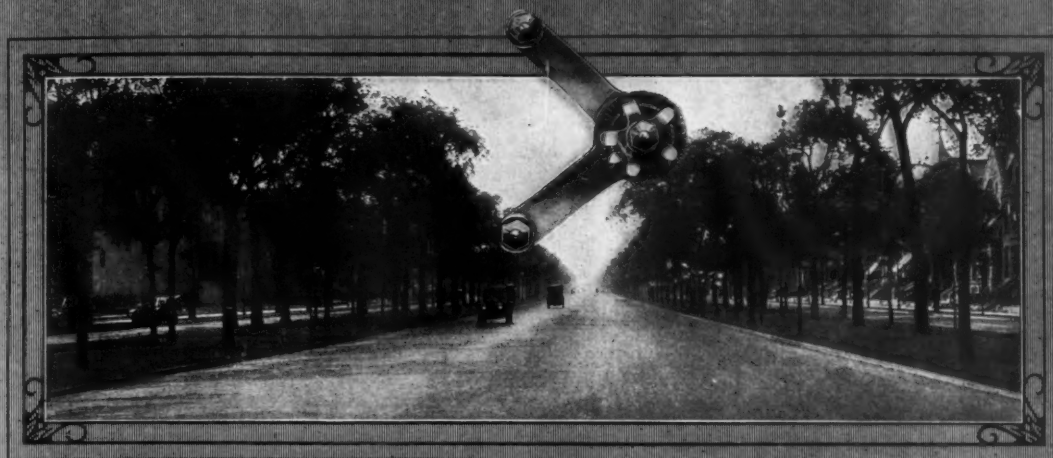
Our ready-to-wear shoes, the only shoes of similar character and quality ever offered ready-to-wear, are sold from

SEVEN DOLLARS UPWARD

MARTIN & MARTIN

BOOTMAKERS FOR MEN AND WOMEN
1 East 35th St., NEW YORK—183 Michigan Av., CHICAGO

EVERY ROAD A BOULEVARD



WHEN YOU MOTOR WITH THE

TRUFFAULT-HARTFORD SHOCK ABSORBER

on your car, inequalities of the road, however pronounced, cease to manifest themselves.

Your car travels along with an easy, wavy motion over the roughest places. There's neither jolt nor jar, neither bouncing nor skidding. You enjoy **solid comfort** under all conditions of travel. Every road becomes a boulevard.

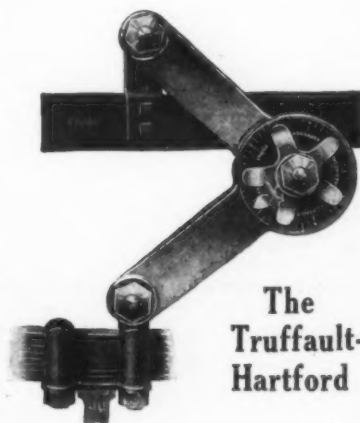
Over and above all these advantages, wear and tear are decreased materially. Repair bills, tire bills dwindle to a degree most pleasing.

The Truffault-Hartford Shock Absorber is guaranteed to make good or its purchase price will be refunded. The standard shock absorber of motordom. Used in all important motoring events. Regular equipment on such cars as Pierce-Arrow, Thomas, Apperson, Stevens-Duryea, American, Studebaker - Garford, Chadwick, etc., etc., etc.

We can fit any car and make any car fit for any road. Write us, mentioning make, model and year, and we will send you some very interesting particulars about the Truffault-Hartford applied to your car.



The Sign of the Truffault-Hartford Agency



The Truffault-Hartford

HARTFORD SUSPENSION COMPANY, 165 Bay St., Jersey City, N. J.

EDW. V. HARTFORD, President.

BRANCHES: { New York : 212-214 West 88th St.
Philadelphia : 250 N. Broad St.

Boston : 319 Columbus Ave.
Chicago : 1458 Michigan Ave.

FIVE POINTS That Make The

COLT

Superior to All Other
REVOLVERS



(1) Perfect Alignment of cylinder and barrel without complicated additions to the mechanism.

(2) Cylinder of special steel with high elastic limit and tensile strength, made for COLT Revolvers—the reason COLT Revolvers are guaranteed for use with smokeless powder.

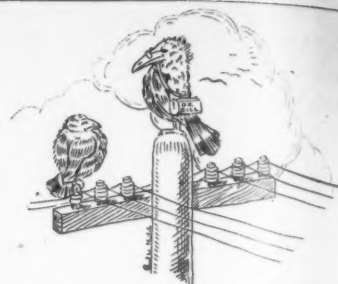
(3) Solid Frame, forged in one piece from barrel to butt; no joint, no weakness at an important part.

(4) Positive Lock—a bar of solid steel between hammer and cartridge, absolutely preventing accidental discharge.

(5) COLT Grip—the Grip that Fits the Hand, which lessens the shock from recoil, prevents flinching and wild shooting.

These are some of the points that make the COLT the adopted standard of Armies, Navies and Police Departments throughout the World—when YOU buy a revolver be sure it's a COLT
Catalog No. 6 mailed free on request. It will aid you in selecting a model for your use.

COLT'S PATENT FIRE ARMS MFG. CO., Hartford, Conn.



"SAY, DOC, WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH MY STOMACH, ANYHOW?"
"WHY, YOU HAVE BURNT THE LINING BY EATING TOO MANY FIREFLIES AT THESE LATE SUPPERS. JUST CONTINUE THIS ELECTRICAL TREATMENT AND YOU WILL SOON BE ON YOUR WINGS."

fur-bearing animal a larger one? And is LIFE game to take it up?

Trusting that you will take this in the right way from one who wishes only well for you, I am,

Yours very truly,

FRANK MILLER

TIE PLANT, ARK., July 11, 1910.

Your Own Dog

EDITOR OF LIFE.

Dear Sir:—In LIFE of August 4, I notice that Mr. R. H. Atkinson says he takes your pictures on vivisection as jokes. I would like to ask if Mr. Atkinson ever owned a dog? By owning a dog I mean to say one who (I suppose I should say "that") is a companion on his rambles in the fields, a dog that mourns your departure and welcomes your return as only a dog can.

Could Mr. Atkinson stand idly by and see such an animal suffer as we know they do suffer by being cut and mutilated, by some heartless butcher, in the name of "Science"?

God save us from such a "science."

Very truly yours,

CHARLES COTTELL

BAY CITY, MICH., August 6, 1910.

(Continued on page 335)

From Our Readers

(Continued from page 332)

the animal being operated upon. There is no ether or chloroform or morphine for the wild animal; it lies in the trap until it dies from the pain, or freezes or starves to death. Sometimes it lives until the trapper, on his weekly visit, gives it a merciful blow on the head. And the reason for this? That our women may be adorned. Nothing more. To say that fur coats are needed in our big cities in the winter is piffle. It is very rarely so cold. Also, though it is a matter for controversy, I believe most physicians will say that fur garments are really conducive to colds and that outer garments of wool are really more healthful. I can't say definitely that this is true; for your own information you might look it up. You are closer to authoritative information than I am.

Now, how about it? LIFE, if you wish to do something good along this line, why not train your guns on the battleship instead of the tugboat? Manifestly such action would not be popular; lots of us, though, have our own opinions of popular ideas.

I have tried to base this argument on judgment rather than on sentiment, which is not always done by the people I would try to convince. I think you are wrong in much that you say against animal experimentation. I do not feel that you are wrong. I think so. And whether "vivisection" is wrong or not, isn't the question of the

W. L. DOUGLAS

HAND-SEWED
PROCESS

SHOES

MEN'S \$2.00, \$2.50, \$3.00, \$3.50, \$4.00 & \$5.00

WOMEN'S \$2.50, \$3, \$3.50, \$4.00

BOYS' \$2.00, \$2.50 and \$3.00

W.L. Douglas shoes have been the standard for 30 years. They are absolutely the most popular and best made shoes for the price in America. W.L. Douglas name and price are stamped on the bottom of his shoes, thereby guaranteeing them to hold their shape, fit better and wear longer than any other make. They are positively the most economical shoes for you to buy.



TAKE NO SUBSTITUTE!
If not for sale in your town write for catalog giving instructions how to order by mail.
W.L. DOUGLAS, 155 Spark St., Brockton, Mass.

"A pure woman faithfully presented"

(SALLY BISHOP)

by Temple Thurston

"The most engrossing as well as the most pathetic novel that has come to our tables for a long time, . . . so beautifully done, so clearly and exquisitely written, that it is a pleasure as well as a duty for a reviewer to recommend it to the discriminating reader. One will not find a better novel in many a day."—*Indianapolis News*.

THIRD EDITION at all bookshops

MITCHELL KENNERLEY publisher

FOR MEN OF BRAINS
Cortez CIGARS
—MADE AT KEY WEST—

From Our Readers

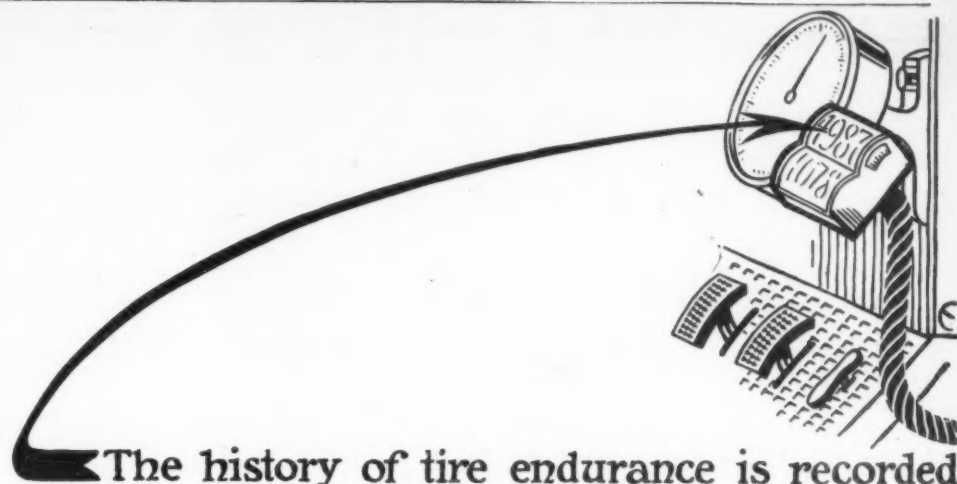
(Continued from page 334)

An Alaskan View

LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY.

Dear Sirs:—We notice that you Eastern publishers will not publish any letter or article in favor of Ballinger, nor call attention to any of the points, which are many, gained by the defense. You sit back there in your New York office and think you know more of the situation than those here on the ground. You have been unfair, unjust, in the Ballinger-Pinchot case. You are all for "conserving" these Alaska coal fields. Your run-down Eastern farmer takes *Hampton's Magazine* and reads about the trillions of dollars of wealth in Alaska. He figures out how many people there are in the United States and that his share is about \$65,000, and he wants it. What Mr. Brooks says about these fields is not noticed. He does not know as much about it as some magazine writer who has never been in Alaska. Oh, no! for he does not think the way you all want him to.

If the Guggenheims had succeeded in getting one-half interest in the Cunningham claims they would have had (½) one-half interest in (33) thirty-three claims, when there are from



The history of tire endurance is recorded on thousands of speedometers.

The figures cannot lie:—no other product is so severely—and *publicly*—tested as the automobile tire. Hence you need not purchase blindly: by their record you may know which tires are best.

GOODRICH TIRES

have a seven year record for greater representation, greater durability and greater mileage in each and every Glidden Tour; a *ten year* record in other important, cross-country contests—and are in their *eleventh year* of best service to tire users everywhere.



The B. F. Goodrich Company

AKRON •••• OHIO

Largest in the World

Branches in all the Principal Cities



five hundred to seven hundred claims in this field alone. Then there is left the whole of the Matanuska and thousands of acres of coal yet held by the Government. Yet you, *Hampton's*, *McClure's* and that *unspeakable Collier's*, publish how the Guggenheims are grabbing all Alaska coal. Not one thing has been *proven* to show that Ballinger was "crooked," and that he has not the confidence of the "people"

is because of the magazine articles, and *not* by his own actions. I know absolutely of three conservative articles written by engineers who *knew*—(not coal claimants)—two of them Government men, and sent to *Hampton's*, *Collier's* and *McClure*, and not one was published. Mr. Connelly, of *Collier's*, interviewed all coal claimants in Seattle, and then did not publish a single fact given by them to him, ex-

(Continued on page 337)

Hello, Brother!

We want you to meet 100,000 good fellows who gather 'round our "Head Camp" fire once a month and spin yarns about sport with Rod, Dog, Rifle and Gun. The

NATIONAL SPORTSMAN

contains 164 pages crammed full of stories, pictures of fish and game taken from life, and a lot more good stuff that will lure you pleasantly away from your everyday work and care to the healthful atmosphere of woods and fields, where you can smell the evergreens, hear the babble of the brook, and see at close range big game and small. Every number of this magazine contains valuable information about hunting, fishing and camping trips, where to go, what to take, etc. All this for 15c a copy, or with watch fob \$1.00 a year. We want you to see for yourself what the *National Sportsman* is and make you this

Special Trial Offer

On receipt of 25c in stamps or coin we will send you this month's *National Sportsman* and one of our heavy Ormolu Gold Watch Fobs (regular price 50c) as here shown, with russet leather strap and gold plated buckle. Can you beat this?

This Month's *National Sportsman*, reg. price 15c. National Sportsman Watch Fob, regular price 50c. Total Value... 65c.

ALL YOURS FOR... **25cts.**

Don't delay—Send TODAY!

National Sportsman, Inc., 98 Federal Street, Boston, Mass.



The Fifteen Million Mark Passed

LIFE'S TOTAL MENTAL CIRCULATION NOW AROUND TWENTY MILLIONS

Please remember, that LIFE'S mental circulation is now about twenty millions. This includes fifteen million regular thought subscribers and about five million transients—people who, in a moment of idleness, think they would like to see a mental copy of LIFE, and, of course, get it—after they have thought twenty-five cents.

We can send you a trial thought subscription for three months for three dollars. We charge a little more for this pro rata than for a year. We do this because of the additional tax it makes on our thought bureau.

Our regular advertising rate is one hundred dollars a line—no preferred space. Remember, in sending in your advertisement, always to think exactly what you want to say. We cannot send you back revised mental copy. Last week, for example, a man who began to send in a mental advertisement for an up-to-date coffin broke off in the middle to tell some friend a funny story. Now the people in our thought department are not all infallible. They work mechanically and record vibrations more or less automatically. When this order was received, therefore, the story went along with it, and appeared in the next mental number. Our friend demanded back his mental money, in spite of the fact that he had sold about four thousand extra coffins on account of that story to people who thought it was a good thing—and all on the ground that his dignity as an advertiser had been damaged.

Don't be interrupted, therefore, when you are sending in your mental advertisement.

The only real difference between our mental LIFE and its physical representative lies in the elimination of mechanics. You have to think out the copy for a plain every-day advertisement before you commit it to paper. But in my case, you don't do anything other than think it out.

And if it doesn't ring true Gee. Ime. Mit. will know it. That is why he is the greatest uplifting influence in the country.

You must, as an advertiser, be absolutely sincere.

If you think aluminum coffins when they are only tin, he'll know it.

If you think pure silk ladies' hose when they are half cotton, he'll know it.

If you think ninety per cent. nourishment in your breakfast food when it is only about ninety-ninth of one per cent. Gee. Ime. Mit. will begin to vibrate with indignation before you have finished.

He knows the secret thoughts of every well-known advertiser in the country. We have fifteen million paid up—in their mind—subscribers back of us.

We have received the following vibration:

Life:

In my last mental copy, on the third page, second column, bottom, is an old chestnut—well it must be at least four thousand years old. If, as you claim, you are an up-to-date paper, and your mental numbers are the very last word, how in the world do you account for this bad break. Are you a fraud?

B———G———

This is an illustration of the fact that the only reality is thought. We found, upon investigating the matter, that this particular page is edited by an astrologer, whose previous mental pedigree shows that he is the reincarnated spirit of a joke writer who lived in the days of Thotmes II., of Egypt; in fact, when he applied for the position, we engaged him on account of his previous experience. Unfortunately he thinks he can still turn out humor, and inadvertently he slipped in this joke and it passed even the scrutiny of the usually invincible manager of our Thought Bureau.

We have already vibrated this explanation to our mental subscriber, who has expressed himself as perfectly satisfied with it, and we now give it for the benefit of the few who have not yet entered into the higher realms of thought.

Our mental subscription, by the way, is now ten dollars a year, as already announced.

It must also be borne in mind that our mental advertisers are not on our free list.

Gee. Ime. Mit. insists upon this.

"My position is strong enough," he declares, "so that I can make it plain to every one of my advertisers that he must pay for his mental LIFE in mental money, in addition to his advertising. The time has gone by when it is necessary for me to have such an enormous free list—always included in statements of circulation—which is the custom among esteemed contemporaries."

The other day we were approached by an advertiser who wished us to issue a million more extra copies of the number containing his advertisement for distribution among his customers.

We respectfully declined.

Free advertising can only exist in the coarse, physical world. With us it is imaginary cash or no business done.

We care nothing for money, but honor is at stake.

Besides, it would be impossible to regenerate the advertising business of this country and put it on an imaginary paying basis, unless we thought squarely.

Every mental copy of LIFE is paid for mentally by somebody.

For example, a thought specialist communicated to us the other day the interesting (to him) fact that when he had finished his mental copy of life he revibrated it mentally to a small circle of his friends, who thought they were getting it for nothing. He was not aware, however, that each one of these friends had an undeveloped subliminal self, and that our able Thought Bureau collected in advance the imaginary cash for each copy.

Concentrate Now and get the imaginary LIFE.

Think of

GEE. IME. MIT.,

LIFE'S Thought Bureau.



From Our Readers

(Continued from page 335)

cept where he could twist it to his own way of thinking.

If Ballinger is forced to resign because of this disgraceful attack, let us hope Taft will appoint a man who will favor the development of this Northwest. Whether he be an Eastern or a Western man makes no difference, just so that he is sane on this conservation question.

I doubt if you will publish this letter. You prefer to "hound" Ballinger. Meanwhile we, living in the Alaska coal fields, pay from twenty-three to twenty-five dollars a ton for British Columbia coal.

Yours truly,

A. M. SMITH.

KATALLA, ALASKA, June 14, 1910.

Acknowledgments

Letters from friends and critics are always welcome at LIFE's office, but owing to lack of space, or because the same subject has been already treated, or for other reasons, many communications are omitted. Letters from the following correspondents have been received since last going to press:

Horace Fletcher, New York City.
Blanche Wietbrec, New York City.
A. N. Butler, Meriden, Conn.
William N. Hellfrich, Bath, Pa.
Benjamin J. Boyd, Wilkesbarre, Pa.
Paul A. Harsch, New York City.
Wralf Deneigh, Greencastle, Ind.
F. E. Williams, Buffalo, N. Y.
Hubert Poteat, Wake Forest, N. C.
O. K. King, Paris, France.

INVESTMENT SECURITIES

NEW YORK

Bank and Trust Co. Stocks

Complete facilities for purchase and sale of Stocks in Banks and Trust Companies located anywhere in United States. Our current Lists present unusual opportunities for investment in new banks in growing towns as well as in established dividend-paying banks. We quote lowest prices.

and High-Class Industrials

We specialize stocks of approved business enterprises of a broad and substantial character. Our customers may invest in moderate amounts and pay in convenient installments. The largest investment business of this character in the world—over forty-five thousand discriminating customers.

Write for our free pamphlet "No. 110" setting forth the facts regarding Bank Stocks as an investment. We will also mail you our current list.

STERLING DEBENTURE CORPORATION
BRUNSWICK BUILDING
MADISON SQUARE NEW YORK



Ward Off The Ailments of Old Age By Reinvigorating the Body

Has age begun to throw its cold blue shadow across your path? Or is it grasping in its vise like clutch some one dear to you? At this stage the active recuperative power of youth cannot longer be depended upon. Little ailments, ordinarily brushed aside, often cause grave illnesses. Don't wait for sickness. Come to the aid of nature by the liberal use of

Pabst Extract The "Best" Tonic

It is the staunch vigor of barley malt and choicest hops. Rich in the tissue building qualities of the former and the splendid tonic properties of the latter, it revitalizes the blood and rebuilds the muscles and nerve tissues. Glowing and sparkling with vitality it fortifies the system and strengthens the entire body.

Physicians of repute everywhere are constantly vouching for the merits of Pabst Extract, The "Best" Tonic, by recommending it to strengthen the weak and build up the overworked; to relieve insomnia and conquer dyspepsia; to help the anaemic and aid the nervous; to assist nursing mothers and invigorate old age.

Order a Dozen from Your Local Druggist Today

Insist Upon It Being Pabst

A Library Bill, good for Books and Magazines, is packed with each bottle.

Booklet and Picture "Baby's First Adventure" sent free on request.

PABST EXTRACT CO.

DEPT. 12

MILWAUKEE, WIS.



ART NOTE

"A SYMPHONY IN BLACK"

The Gardens of the World Pay Tribute to the Armour Toilet Soap

From the farthest corners of the earth—from mountain and valley, jungle and plain, some new and rare perfume is constantly being forwarded by our representatives.

And in our great experimental laboratories these delicate essences are tested, tried out and adapted to your use.

We take toll, too, of the best of the world's most famous garden spots. Wherever a particular combination of earth and sun and air have produced an especially delicate flower-perfume, we bespeak the supply.

Violets nestling among the sun-kissed hills of Northern Italy; lilies nurtured beneath the Mediterranean skies of Southern France; lavender clinging to the sides of the snow-capped, mighty Alps; aromatic sandalwood from the storied groves of India; delicate ylang-ylang from the land of the Rising Sun; roses from deep-set Balkan valleys—all these and many more yield up their best at our demand.

Try today any or all of the following products. A single trial will be enough to convince you. You can get them at all good dealers.

Dealers all over the country are displaying these products in their windows. The windows are decorated to resemble this advertisement, in general appearance. Look for, and buy at those stores.

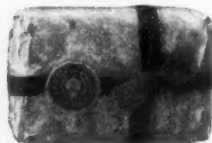
Sylvan Soap

represents the perfection of modern toilet-soap production. It is scientifically prepared and chemically pure.

It cleanses perfectly, yet with so gentle a touch that the most tender skin is soothed. And it leaves the skin softened, vitalized—glowing with the bloom of health.

Delicate, distinctive perfumes lend to Sylvan the last touch of desirability. You may choose from six of these—heliotrope, carnation, violet, lilac, sandalwood and rose.

Yet, though the most dainty woman could demand no more, the price is but 10c the cake at your dealer's.



ARMOUR & COMPANY

Supertar

has been aptly termed "The best friend of the hair."

For a Supertar shampoo stimulates, while thoroughly cleansing the scalp. It is a foe to dandruff and similar affections which destroy the hair. And it leaves the hair soft, fluffy, lustrous, "live."



Supertar lathers instantly—rich and snowy white—in hard or soft water. And it affords an ideal massage.

Pressed, thoroughly seasoned and free from excess moisture, it long outlasts ordinary shampoo soaps, of which a large part wastes away with each day's use.

Let your hair have the delight of a perfect shampoo.

Transparosa

is a clear, transparent soap, every glint of light in whose amber depths sends back a message of purity to the skin.

It is perfumed with a wonderfully delicate yet lasting attar of roses, which it took thousands of tests to perfect.

Sylvan Toilet Talcum Powder

is of exceptionally high quality, and light as thistle-down.

It is borated and antiseptic, and most beneficial in cases of chafed, irritated skin, sunburn, prickly heat or chapped hands. It affords a delightful aftermath to a shave or a bath, and is invisible on application.

No other powder has ever approached it in delicacy of fragrance. There are five odors—violet, carnation, lilac, heliotrope and sandalwood. It is sold by all druggists. Try one, or better still, try all of these articles. Each is its own best advocate. And we are content to abide by your judgment.

Made by

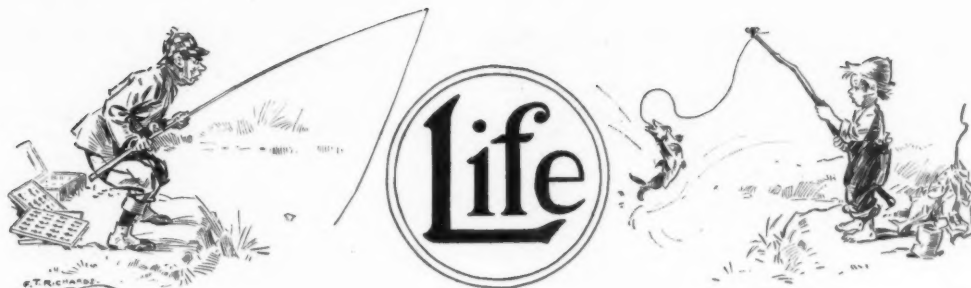
ARMOUR & COMPANY

Department of Toilet Soaps
Chicago

(72)



ARMOUR & COMPANY



Satisfied

"Do you respect me?"

As she uttered these vital words the beautiful girl gazed tensely at the young man to whom but a short time before she had plighted her troth. He was not slow to respond.

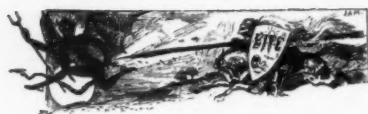
"Never!" he replied passionately. "How can I respect a creature who wears the clothes that you do; who spends more time every day over her hair than the average chauffeur does over his auto; who never has an original idea, and depends for her stock in conversational trade on the chance sensations that impinge upon her brain, which is about the

size and capacity of an anthropoid ape; whose conception of reality and good faith is bounded by the latest conventional society rule, and who knows as much about the true science of living as a cigar store Indian? Respect you! I should say not! But I love you with all my heart and soul; life without you would be a desert waste, and I ask for nothing but to be your devoted slave all the rest of my days. O, darling! say that this is all you desire!"

"It is, it is," she whispered, clinging to him with a renewed ardor. "Now I know everything is all right; but there have been times when I feared that perhaps our marriage would not be an ideal one."



THE OPTIMIST



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. LVI. SEPTEMBER 1, 1910 No. 1453

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17 West Thirty-first Street, New York.

It is announced, unofficially, that Secretary Ballinger, of the Department of the Interior, will retire from office about the middle of next month.—Daily paper.



IN this administration the proportion of unofficial announcement to resignation has been excessive. The Beverly news bureau had it two or three weeks since that the plank had been run out and was about to be trod by Ballinger, Cannon, Aldrich, Wickersham and Knox. But let us not strew flowers on the political waves until they actually close, if only for an instant, over the heads of these devoted statesmen. Mr. Ballinger at last accounts, his heart still true to Taft, was busy with the Choc-taws and their lands; Mr. Wickersham was helping him; Mr. Cannon was denying that he would not be a candidate again for Speaker; Mr. Aldrich was explaining to Mr. Bristow how entirely disconnected his actions as raiser of the duties on manufactures of rubber in the Payne bill were from his own interests as a grower of crude rubber. As for Mr. Knox, no doubt he is æstivating quietly at Valley Forge. Maybe all these pilots are going over the side as advertised, but no guarantee went with the advertisement.

No doubt Mr. Aldrich will quit the Senate next March, when his term expires. He gave notice months ago that he would, and he hasn't taken it back. In the discussion between him and Mr. Bristow about rubber, it seemed to us that Mr. Aldrich disproved considerably more on Mr. Bristow than Mr. Bristow was able to prove on Mr. Aldrich. Mr. Aldrich put up the rate on certain manufactures of rubber from

30 to 35 to match certain other rates and avoid litigation that vexed the Treasury. He might much better have put the other rates down to 30, and matched them that way. But we don't think it was he or his rubber company that lately raised the price of rubber things twenty per cent. We believe that that advance was due to the destructive effect of macadam roads on rubber tires and the large losses of golf balls by President Taft.



THE World does well to compliment the machine Republicans in New York State on their manly disdain of the political authority of the man Roosevelt, as shown in their refusal to accept him as temporary chairman of the next Republican State convention. That was a bold refusal of the machine gentlemen to knuckle down to mere popularity. Vice-President Sherman will make a chairman vastly more to their taste, and they did well to vote for him. The World does well to praise them, because the World is a Democratic paper, and desirous of electing a Democratic Governor in New York next fall, and the more the machine Republicans and the Republicans who are in sympathy with Hughes and Roosevelt don't get together the better the chance is to do it.

As for the Colonel, being of a nature unapt to be depressed by prospect of contention, he is not cast down. He is in the unusual position of having everything, politically, to lose, and nothing to gain. That is a very unhealthy position. The best possible way to rectify it is to risk the loss of a little something every convenient chance. If he were perfectly cautious he might perhaps stay as safe on the shelf as a peach in a can. But, of course, he wouldn't like that. Accordingly he is not cautious, but takes every risk that looks suitable and attractive to him. He telegraphed his hope that the New York Legislature would pass Governor Hughes' direct primaries bill; he told his nephew he would make a speech for him if he could get the nomination for Congress;

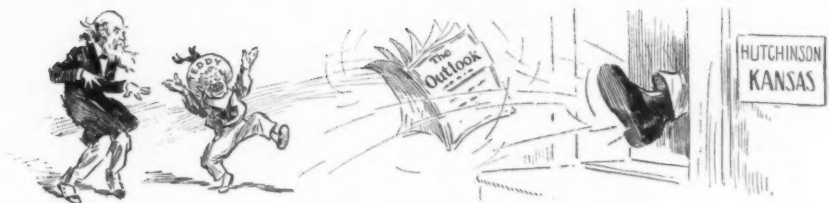
he said he would be temporary chairman if the committee wanted him. The bill was beaten, the nephew was beaten, the committee voted not to have him. Result, a decided improvement in his condition. If it goes on it won't be long before he loses enough to make attainment begin to look good to him again.

His various critics chortle with glee whenever he gets snubbed. They can't seem to realize that, politically speaking, he is a man with a full stomach looking around for an appetite. What he needs to keep him well is political exercise. He can't get that by suppressing his views, but by avowing them. So far, since his return, he has avowed very few views, but his telegram to the Legislature and the vote of the State Committee defined the side he was on in New York politics as clearly as though he had talked a volume. People will have it, of course, that he is working day and night to get back to the White House, but people, as a rule, have very restricted imaginations.



FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE, after spending the better part of fourteen years in the study and practice of hospital nursing, was equal at thirty-four to a great opportunity, and made in two years a reputation amply great enough to last her fifty-four years till the end of her long life. Her labors by no means ended with the Crimean War, but her health was never good after that, and though her work was important, and her advice and teaching very valuable for many years, she gave the best of her strength to that tremendous exposition of what women's nursing could do in war.

Great men sometimes, great women seldom, get the advertisement that their achievements deserve. It happened that Miss Nightingale got hers. That did not matter much to her, for she was a very modest person, but it has proved a very valuable thing for mankind that an English lady should have won the greatest and most durable renown that came out of the Crimean War.



A BAD "OUTLOOK" FOR KANSAS.

August



HE COULDN'T COME BACK

MADAM, HOW OLD ARE YOU?
JUST SIXTY-FIVE MILLION YEARS



LOOKING FOR WORK

MAGDEBERG ADVERTISES FOR A MAYOR.

F.T. RICHARDS



THE RETORT COURTEOUS.



A LITTLE DIVERSION FOR NARRAGANSETT PIER.

Life's Fresh Air Fund

Previously acknowledged.....	\$6,623.80
E. V. H. R.	10.00
In Memory of Alice Weller Mathers	10.00
Anonymous	25.00
"The Hathaway Children"	3.00
Charles F. Miller.....	1.00
Mrs. C. E. Barnes and R. Chetwynd	10.62
In Memory of D. K. R.....	5.00
A. B. B.....	1.00
Elizabeth, Scottie and Mary.....	19.00
Cash	10.00
Constance Adelle Farwell—seven years old, "sends her all".....	1.44
Thalia and Malcolm.....	25.00
L. D.....	2.00
A part of the proceeds of a vaudeville entertainment at Norfolk, Conn.	150.00
	\$6,896.86

Some Postals from the Farm

Dear Mother:

I received your two letters and I am happy now. When we are going home we will get some green apples to cook and ripe red and yellow apples.

I am as happy as a king and I can't think of the pains in my back. I am writing this letter to tell you I am happy.

From your loving son,

DEAR MOTHER:

The country is fine. I weigh 50 lbs. coming and when I come home I think I will weigh about 60 lbs. And mother I wish you all were with me as I am having a fine time and I wish you all are well.

DEAR MRS.

I am glad to write that Joe likes it very much. Give kiss to Mr. L. do not be angry with my writing for I am on the train.

DEAR MA:

We are enjoying our selves very much up here. The name of the place is Life's Farm, Branchville, Conn. Write soon and send us some money. We sleep together and we get plenty to eat. Loretta is very bold girl. Kisses to all.

Your loving daughter



THE EXTENT OF THE LOSS



"IN CONCLUSION, WE CAN ONLY ASSURE YOU OF THE PLEASURE WE FEEL AT HAVING SUCH A DISTINGUISHED STRANGER IN OUR MIDST"

Politics

THE game of politics, like chess, is of ancient and obscure origin. Its invention, however, is usually ascribed to the devil. It was played with varying success among the Egyptians and Babylonians, and has continued in favor down to the present day. On one side is the Public and on the other is the Politician. "Now, watch carefully!" says the latter, and nonchalantly he manipulates the walnut shells. The problem is when for the Public to guess under which shell the pea is. Or, to change the figure, the game may be likened to the marriage service, in which the Politician swears to love, honor and obey the Public.

Within a week, however, the bride usually proceeds to Reno.

"Entrust your public affairs to me," says the Politician, "and I will mismanage them to the best of my disability, waste your money, raise the tax rate and corrupt the legislature. And what will I charge for all that? Oh, a mere bagatelle—the difference between what things are worth and what you pay for them."

Is it any wonder the Public holds such a man in honor and esteem?


"MY ancestors came over in the Mayflower."

"That's nothing; my father descended from an aeroplane."


Life's Infallible Fortune Teller

If you were born on



 **Your future wife** will be religious but interested in stock speculations. You will be expected to put up the margins.


Sept.
1

Your future husband  will be a sandy-complexioned poet. In your home beautiful thoughts will be more frequent than square meals.




If you were born on



 **Your future wife** will be pretty but petulant, with a tendency to hair-pulling. Eventually you will wear a toupee.


Sept.
2

Your future husband  will think you are flirting with every man you meet. Your married life will not be monotonous.




If you were born on



 **Your future wife** will be such a good talker that you will often wonder why dumbness wasn't made contagious.


Sept.
3

Your future husband  will be a chronic dyspeptic, and you will spend your life in intelligence offices hiring cooks.




If you were born on



 **Your future wife** will be an ardent automobilist. It will be to your advantage to insure her heavily against accident.


Sept.
4

Your future husband  will be a man much given to dress, who will insist on your wearing gowns of his selection.




If you were born on



 **Your future wife** will have a fiery temper and a good voice. You will encourage her to sing.


Sept.
5

Your future husband  will be a great traveler. You will grow to hate the sight of even a street-car.




If you were born on



 **Your future wife** will have many relatives who are good visitors. Your declining years will be passed in a hotel.


Sept.
6

Your future husband  will be a popular clergyman, and you will be envied or hated by every woman in his flock.




If you were born on



 **Your future wife** will think she is aesthetic. Your house will be full of junk.

Sept.
7

Your future husband  will insist on cooking in a chafing-dish, and many a night you will from choice go to bed hungry.



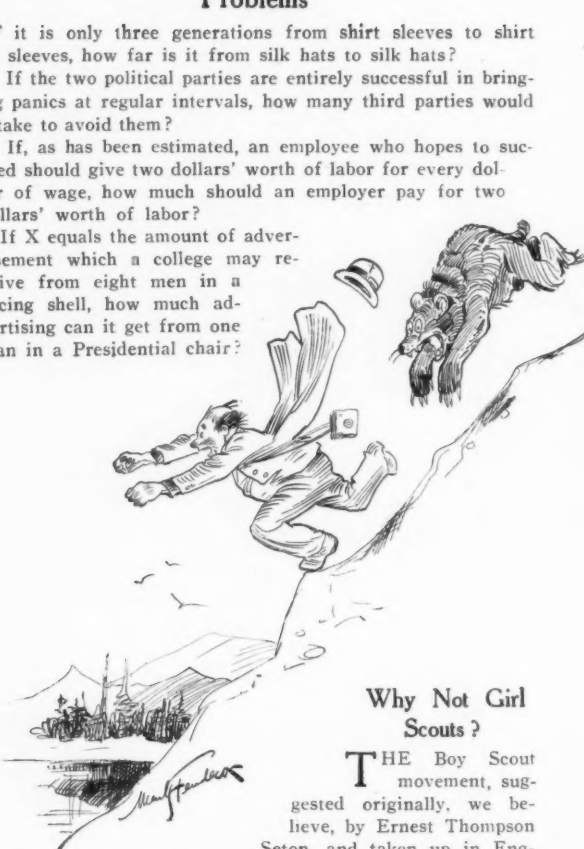
Problems

IF it is only three generations from shirt sleeves to shirt sleeves, how far is it from silk hats to silk hats?

If the two political parties are entirely successful in bringing panics at regular intervals, how many third parties would it take to avoid them?

If, as has been estimated, an employee who hopes to succeed should give two dollars' worth of labor for every dollar of wage, how much should an employer pay for two dollars' worth of labor?

If X equals the amount of advertisement which a college may receive from eight men in a racing shell, how much advertising can it get from one man in a Presidential chair?



A MOUNTAIN FASTNESS

Why Not Girl Scouts?

THE Boy Scout movement, suggested originally, we believe, by Ernest Thompson Seton, and taken up in England by General Baden Powell, is growing in this country very

rapidly, and will probably soon be another picturesque feature of our more or less picturesque civilization.

The boy scouts are a large army, graded according to age and general ability.

A boy is placed according to what he can do and the measure of his honor. He must be able to make a camp, hunt and fish, walk long distances, be familiar with woodcraft, rescue people in emergencies, and prove his self-reliance in many ways. Unless politics or graft gets into this new machine it ought to prove effective.

But why confine the movement to the boys?

Why not have girl scouts also? They could be taught, for example:

To wash dishes.

To learn the use of a broom.

To wear simple clothes.

To avoid slang.

To help mother.

To learn something about how to take care of a young baby.

To speak respectfully to their parents.

ALIMONY is of man's life a thing to part with—
'Tis woman's whole existence.

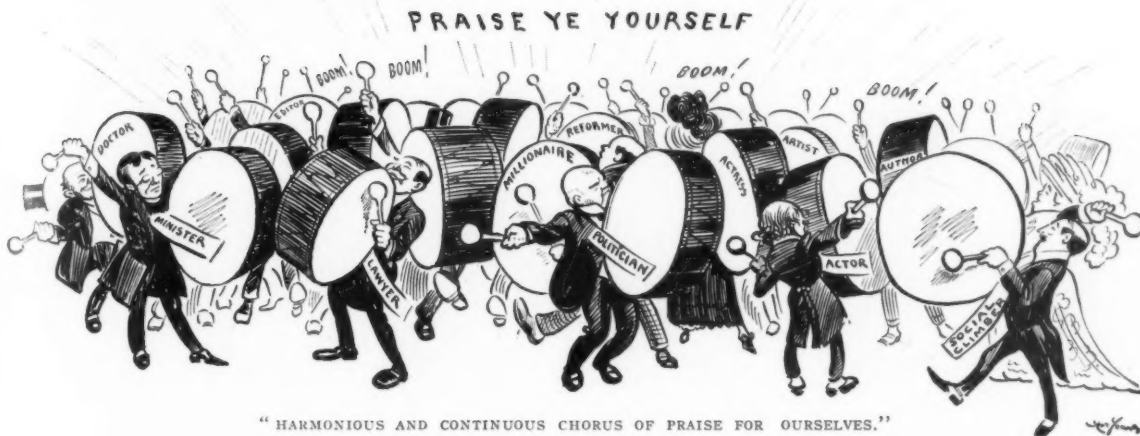
Let Us Be Patient

A GOODLY number of people are expressing dissatisfaction over what they mildly call Roosevelt's procrastination in not doing all the things which we had a right to expect of him on his return. They point out, and with considerable truth we must admit, that things are just about the same as before, if not worse; that stock prices are weak and all other prices are still strong.

That may all be, but we must be patient. By referring to Genesis we find that the world wasn't made in a day, although the job was in mighty good hands. What right have we, then, to expect that the world will be re-made in a day? Everything will be all right, if we will only place our trust in him. Theodore Roosevelt is not the man to leave us in the lurch when we are in a pickle.



Small Boy (with dime bank): SAY, MISTER, CAN YE LEND ME NINE DOLLARS WORTH OF TEN CENT PIECES FOR A SECOND? THIS DARN BANK WON'T OPEN TILL I GET TEN DOLLARS IN IT.



"HARMONIOUS AND CONTINUOUS CHORUS OF PRAISE FOR OURSELVES."

Institute of Self-Praise

Running Full Blast. Everybody Delighted

WE have received an inquiry asking if there is any limit to the membership of the Self-Praisers' Institute. Our reply is that there was no limit when the institute was first started. We shortly discovered, however, that every one in America was coming in. We were therefore reluctantly obliged to limit the membership to those who have distinguished themselves in some manner by self-praise.

It must be understood, however, that this does not limit the usefulness of the institute. It is really a school of self-praise and everybody, even if not a member, will get the benefit of its influence and course of instruction, which will be distributed in the form of circulars and tracts to the plain people.

By means of this institute we expect in the end to make an harmonious and continuous chorus of praise for ourselves as individuals, and as a nation continually rise to the clouds of heaven.

Every member is expected to fire a salute to himself at break of day.

We have issued a self-praise medal, which will be presented only to those who have distinguished themselves by some form of self-praise beyond the ordinary. This medal will be presented only to the elect. On one side is the appropriate inscription: "He Blew His Own Horn Successfully." On the other: "Presented in loving respect to _____, who has distinguished himself in the field of publicity, has never missed an advertisement, and now thinks he is the greatest man in the country."

Applications for this medal are coming in by every mail. It must be understood that the committee, composed of a board of our representative magazine editors, decide absolutely on the claims of self-praisers, and their word is final. Fame follows the bass drum, that is the main idea.

Up to date the medals have been presented to:

ERNEST THOMPSON SETON

WILLIAM JAMES

HALL CAINE

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

THOMAS LAWSON

LYMAN ABBOTT

ANDREW CARNEGIE

For photographs of himself taken in the depths of the woods in great peril of his life.

For starting a new system of philosophy, in which he himself is the keynote.

For obeying his natural instincts.

For everything he has ever done.

For his great modesty and his methods of concealment.

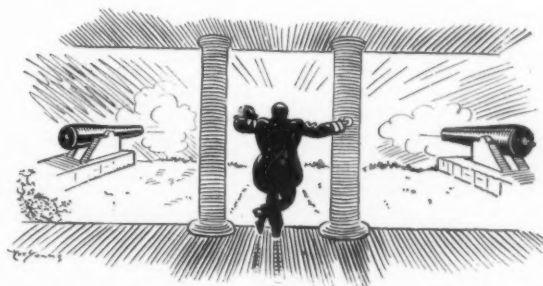
For his magnanimous outlook toward the Deity.

For his great gifts.

Other announcements of awards will be made from time to time.

Yesterday every citizen of Boston was elected an honorary member.

Last evening, to a crowded audience, Elbert Hubbard lec-



"FIRE A SALUTE TO YOURSELF AT BREAK OF DAY"



"BE SILENT AND YOU WILL BE LONESOME."

tured on "The Noble Art of Self-Praise, and How to Keep It Up." The distinguished lecturer said among other things:

"Be silent and you will be lonesome. Cultivate the three graces: Faith in yourself, hope in advertising and charity toward those who ignore you. Remember also the three rules for success as an American: First, publicity; second, publicity; third, publicity. Never practice the same kind of vulgarity twice. Be your own make-up artist; never trust to others. Memorize all the great things that have been said and proclaim them as your own. Those who know them will be so lost in admiration of your ability that they will praise you with the rest. Acquire a reputation for being able to hurt others. Those you don't hurt will praise you continuously. Never stop at any form of advertising because you are afraid some one will suspect you. Remember this is America. Be true to your own conceit and it must follow as the night the day thou canst not then be unimportant to any other man."

We have received the following testimonial from one who wishes to remain anonymous, proving that he has learned little as yet:

"Dear Sirs:—When I entered your institute a month ago I was a timid, shrinking thing. Now I am able to assert myself, and my chest has expanded eight inches. I have been robbing the people now for thirty years and have made millions. My ultimate object is to pose as a philanthropist, but somehow I

cannot yet make up my mind to force myself before the public. Is there any hope for me?"

We have promptly expelled this gentleman on the ground that if he is still afraid to exploit his name, no matter what sins he has committed, he will never amount to anything.

We have just received the following cablegram from Bernard Shaw:

"You are a hundred years behind the times. Why is an institute necessary? Why not do as I do? I have been admitting for so long now that I am superior to every one else that every one else has come to believe me."

Up to the present moment the only man in the country who has not applied for admission to the institute is the Vice-President of the United States. We feel that something ought to be done about this gentleman. Will somebody kindly send his name and address to this office?

PROGRAMME FOR WEEK

Monday.—Thomas Ryan will praise his own moral nature. Two to five.

Tuesday.—Hopkinson Smith: "Embarrassments I Have Never Met." Afternoon.

Wednesday.—Dramatic morning. All the prominent actors in country will praise themselves. Nine to one.

Thursday.—W. J. Bryan: "Talk as a Substitute for Statesmanship."

Friday.—Ladies' Day. Distinguished opera singers will sing their own praises. Music.

Saturday.—Whiskers as a trademark. (At this lecture photographs of Hall Caine will be distributed free to every one in the audience.)

Sunday.—Sacred concert of praise, to ourselves as individuals, to our country and to our civilization, and to our religion, all of which we now proclaim with loud and appropriate harmonies are the greatest and most absorbingly interesting and highly moral that the universe has ever seen.

Amen.



"FAME FOLLOWS THE BASE DRUM"

Our Ladies' Cigarette Smoking Column

A NEAT device to protect young babies from cigarette smoke of the nurse has just been put on the market. It is made of German silver, and fits over the baby's face without interfering with his breathing.

Yesterday, on one of our principal avenues, a sixteen-year-old boy, who was running a large auto, courteously stopped in order to permit his mother to light up. This is a slight incident, but it shows that our family life is not always so bad as it is painted.

"Should Lady Typewriters Smoke During Office Hours?" is the title of an illuminating article in *System Magazine*. The question is quite pertinent.

Sybill, the Fifth Avenue Ladies' tailor, announces a new pocket for matches, specially designed for corpulent ladies, and easily accessible.

One of the late novelties in the jeweler's windows is a combined cigarette case and bridge score card.

To remove cigarette stains from gloves, soak them in a Martini cocktail for fifteen minutes and hang up to dry. No bitters.

"I had great difficulty in keeping my cooks," said a lady householder recently, "until I began the practice of supplying them free with cigarettes. It is really inexpensive—only about twenty cents a day—and keeps them contented."

A Western girl's college announces a new course in cigarette smoking, for girls over sixteen. It is claimed that the practice has a quieting effect upon the nerves.

The ladies' smoking room at the Metropolitan Opera House has recently been enlarged and redecorated in the Turkish style. Cigarettes free to box-holders.

As ladies no longer leave the table after a dinner party, but remain to smoke, the question is what stories should be told? Etiquette demands something spicy, that is not over-coarse. The problem as to how far one can go really is the test of what constitutes a gentleman.

Should a lady smoke in bed? will be considered next week.

At the Party

BARKER: Who's the fat old girl on the sofa?

Host: Why, that's your wife, old man. Don't you recognize her?

BARKER: No. She does her bridge playing during the day and I do mine at night.



WHEN POLO BECOMES A COLLEGE GAME



SCHOOL OPENS

Illiteracy in Spain

And Spain's population, we read, is still seventy per cent. illiterate.—LIFE, August 18.

SO we read in one of the newspapers, but have since read in the *Evening Post* a letter of Mr. A. J. Shipman, who says that the percentage of illiterates in Spain in 1900 was thirty per cent., and is less now. Mr. Shipman goes into details and quotes many statistics, and his assertions carry much more conviction than those we read before, so we are going to believe this week that Spain is not more than twenty-five per cent. illiterate, instead of seventy per cent.

We confess, and hereby record, that owing to press of business we have not had leisure personally to examine, by a house-to-house canvass, into the condition of religious morals and education in Spain, France and Italy,

and have had to pick up our information about them, along with the rest of our knowledge, from the newspaper and periodical press. There is nothing that is hidden about the religious, educational and political activities of these countries that is not frequently revealed by persuasive writers, and very little that is revealed that is not promptly denied by writers equally persuasive. We wish that some veracious and responsible observer—Colonel Roosevelt by preference—would inspect these said countries and tell us the whole truth about them, and make affidavit before a notary that it is so.

African Logic

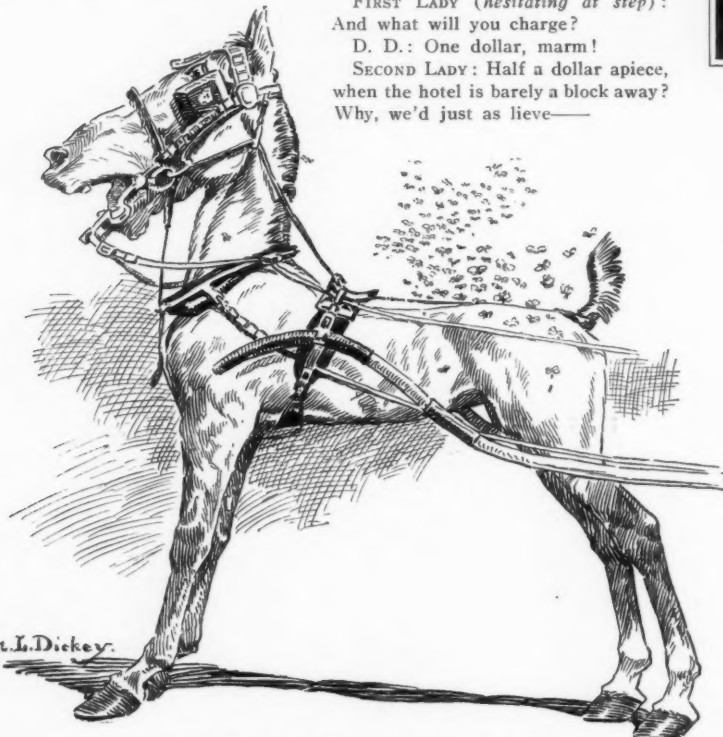
(Virginia Vintage)

DUSKY DRIVER (*ushering ladies from steamer*): Yas, marm—dis way, marm; ca'ige to de hotel!

FIRST LADY (*hesitating at step*): And what will you charge?

D. D.: One dollar, marm!

SECOND LADY: Half a dollar apiece, when the hotel is barely a block away? Why, we'd just as lieve—



WHAT FLIES AND FASHION CAN ACCOMPLISH



Convivial Gentleman: YOU MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS.

D. D. (*interrupting*): Would yu jest as lief go in de hotel 'bus?—dey charges a quarter.

LADIES (*in chorus*): Just as lieve.

D. D. (*with flourish*): Den step right into de ca'ige, marm, an' I'll take yu fer de same as de 'bus—dey is some folks *perfers de ca'ige* and I has to charge accordin'.

Lagging Mental Processes

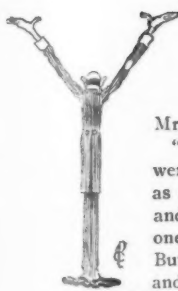
OUR lazy minds, how slow they sometimes are in readjustment! For instance, when the eye lights on such a newspaper heading as this:

PRESIDENT MUCH INTERESTED
HE IS PLEASED TO RECEIVE LATE BULLETINS INDICATING THAT MAYOR IS NOT SERIOUSLY HURT.

What does the miserable mind most likely do? One is ashamed to tell. The wretched mind skips instantly to Oyster Bay, checks itself there, grunts, and makes a slant across lots to Beverly.

Miserable! And it is a year and a half since March 4, 1909!

Jones, Smith, Hackson and Perret



YOU never can tell," said Winkler dramatically, "who your friends are."

"Why not?" asked Mrs. Winkler.

"Well, for example, there were the Peabodys. As long as they had plenty of money and splurged around, every one went to their house. But when Peabody got sick and had to give up and they were obliged to live in a small way, every one shook them. That's the way of the world."

"Oh, I don't know," said Mrs. Winkler, who was more optimistic. "Not every one went back on them. They still kept the few real friends."

"Yes," said Winkler, "and who, pray, are the few real friends? That's what I should like to know. How are you going to tell them? The very ones you think are friends are not. Look at the people I know in this town. There's Jones, and Smith, and Hackson, and Perret. I play cards with them every Saturday night and have every reason to believe that they are friends, but what if I should ask a favor of them? Wouldn't they desert me?"

"Why don't you try it?" said Mrs. Winkler. "Subject them to some test."

She spoke absently, more because she was too lazy mentally to differ from him. But her husband took up the suggestion with alacrity.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed, "that is a good idea. I'll do it. It would be a nice thing to know—just who your friends really are. It would be worth while."

The next day Winkler dispatched the following letter to Jones:

Dear Jones:

You may think it strange my writing to you, but the fact is I find myself temporarily embarrassed. Things have gone against me a little of late and I am somewhat up against it. Could you accommodate me with the loan of a couple of hundred? Awfully sorry to trouble you, but if you could let me know about this as soon as possible I should be very grateful.

Yours very truly,

WINKLER.

The next day Winkler received the following reply:

Dear Winkler:

Just got your note. Awfully sorry. Would do it in a minute if I could. But at this season of the year I am really strapped. Hope you will understand about this, old man, as I would really like to help you out.

Yours,

JONES.

Winkler lost no time. He immediately dispatched a letter to Smith. It read about the same as the one he had sent to Jones.

Smith was as prompt in his reply as Jones had been:

My Dear Winkler:

Yours received. I can't let you have that money. I would like to do it, but my account at the bank is down and I have some heavy bills to meet. Would do it if I could. Sorry.

SMITH.

Winkler smiled. His friends were going so fast that, as he was willing to admit to himself, it made his head swim.

"Both Jones and Smith could do it if they wanted to," he whispered. "They have plenty of money. It's just because, when it comes down to hard cash, they are not willing to make any sacrifice. In other words, they are no friends at all."

Mrs. Winkler, on her part, when she heard what her husband was doing, was inclined to be angry.

"I had no idea that you would do anything like that," she exclaimed. "It's awful of you. Think of the wrong impression that they will have. Every one will know it—you can't keep those things—the men will talk it over, and every one will think that we have lost all our money. Oh, oh! I feel terribly."

"You just wait," said Winkler. "That will right itself. In the meantime it is well worth while to find out who one's real friends are." So he dispatched a begging letter to Hackson. That gentleman replied at once:

Dear Winkler:

Yours received. Wish I could help you out, but I'm broke myself. Just had to pay for repairing my stable, and it took all of my ready cash. Awfully sorry that I can't accommodate you.

Yours,

HACKSON.

"Don't mention it," sneered Winkler, as he folded up the paper. Then he dictated another to Perret.

"I have asked one or two of the other fellows," he concluded, "but they are all short. In making this request of you I do so with considerable diffidence. I should hate to be the cause of any annoyance or embarrassment to you, but I can assure you, old man, that if I really didn't need the money I wouldn't think of asking you."

Perret was Winkler's closest friend. Winkler felt that if he went back on him all was over.

The next morning Perret's answer came, as follows:

My Dear Winkler:

I can assure you that your request for the loan of a couple of hundred is even more

embarrassing for me than for you. It would place me at considerable inconvenience to let you have it, for while I am fairly prosperous enough, I am tied up in a lot of things, and never have much ready cash. My embarrassment, however, does not proceed from this cause, but from the fact that my refusal, I am afraid, is likely to cause some change in our relationship, and I should hate to have this happen. You know I would gladly help you out if I could. The fact that I cannot I hope will not make any difference, however, much as I fear the consequences.

Yours,

PERRET.

This letter made Winkler think.

"Why, confound the man," he exclaimed; "the idea is preposterous. Of course he could have let me have a couple of hundred if he had wanted to. He could have borrowed it from his bank. His letter was merely a cheap attempt to evade the request. In fact, they have all done the same. They haven't come out fairly and squarely and said that they were in reality not friends of mine. But that is what it amounts to. That man only is a friend who is willing to hustle around and put down the cash when you need it without questioning your motives. Just wait until Saturday night and I'll have some fun with them."

At this moment a messenger boy came in.

"Mr. Winkler?"

"Yes."

"I was told to deliver this to you."

Winkler took the envelope from the boy and tore it open. It contained two one hundred dollar bills.

"Who gave you this?" he demanded.

"A man who came into the office. He



"ONE FOR THE CITY, PLEASE"

told me to take this to you, deliver it personally, and to tell you that he was a friend of yours but wouldn't give his name, as he didn't want you to know."

"Um! What did he look like?"

"He was a boy about sixteen."

The messenger darted out and left Winkler in amazement.

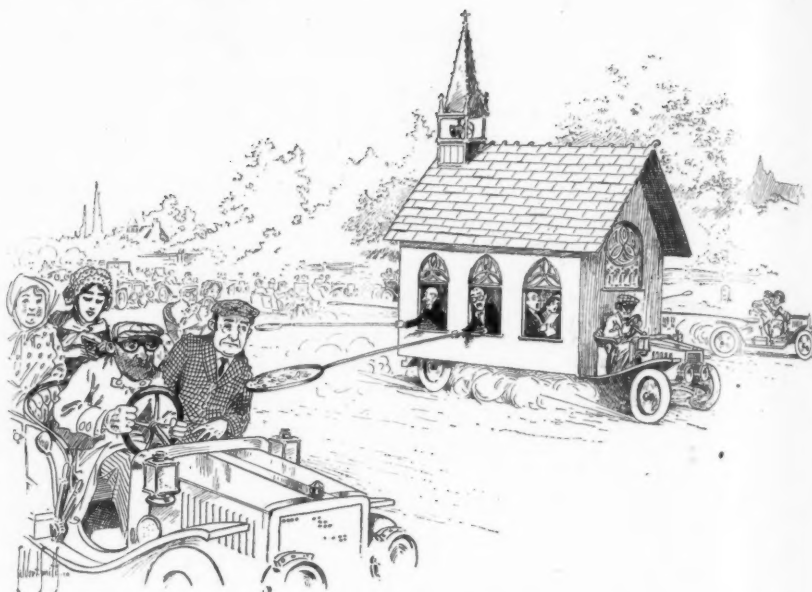
What was he to do with that superfluous two hundred? Who was the unknown friend who had sent his boy to the messenger office? The only thing that he could do was to advertise for him, and explain that it was all a joke. But no! This friend, whoever he was, must have heard about his condition through one of the men to whom he had written. When Winkler explained the matter to them on Saturday night perhaps he could then be located.

"Isn't it always the way," exclaimed Winkler triumphantly to his wife that night. "The ones you bank on always go back on you, but the unexpected friend always arises at the critical moment. I'll bet he is some chap who is living on one-quarter of the income these other fellows have. He probably had it put away in the savings bank and just drew it out and let me have it. Think also of his fine feeling about it. He knew that it might be a source of embarrassment to me, and so he isn't going to let it interfere between us by letting me know his name. There's friendship for you. It is certainly worth all my trouble."

Saturday night, in accordance with a long-standing custom, Winkler and his four (alleged) friends met as usual. It was in Perret's house. After the cards



"HURRY UP AND THROW IT IF YOU ARE GOING TO; I'M GETTING TIRED WAITING."



SUGGESTION TO THE CHURCHES WHO WOULD LIKE TO MINISTER TO THEIR WAYWARD FLOCKS ON A PLEASANT SUNDAY MORN

had been put away and the midnight supper served, Winkler leaned back and began. He was short and to the point.

"Fellows," he said, "I've got something to say to you. Not long ago I got thinking about friendship, and made up my mind I would find out who my friends really were. Now, in my opinion, the best test of friendship is when a man is willing to lend you money, without inquiring into your motives or caring about the circumstances. I applied this test to each one of you in turn, and you all turned me down."

There was a brief silence. Perret leaned forward.

"You really didn't need the money," he said.

"Of course not. I just sent out the letter to see if you were willing to let me have it or not."

"And we all turned you down."

"You all turned me down. But there was one redeeming feature about the affair."

"And that?" inquired Perret.

"There was an unknown friend—one who always arises—who evidently heard in a roundabout manner through some of you that I needed help, and he actually sent it, too—without a name, without hope of reward. What do you think of that?"

Winkler put his hand in his pocket and pulled out the envelope containing the two one hundred dollar bills.

"Yes," he said, reflectively, "there it is—from the one friend I possess, and I don't even know who he is."

Another silence. Smith and Jones were puffing their cigars reflectively. Hackson was nibbling at a piece of derelict cheese. They looked at Perret inquiringly, as if they felt that it was up to him to say something.

"I can tell you," said Perret.

"Who is he?"

"He is a syndicate. We all chipped in and did it."

"What did you do that for? I thought—I thought—"

It was Winkler's turn to be embarrassed.

"I don't understand—" he stammered.

"It's perfectly simple," said Perret. "When Jones got your letter he felt just the same as each one of us subsequently felt. He felt that lending a man money is no test of friendship. He felt that if you had permitted yourself to get into such a mess as to have to write a letter like that in all probability you wouldn't pay him back. And he couldn't afford to lose the amount. Besides, he felt rather sore that you should put him in such a position. Didn't you, Jones?"

Jones nodded.

"And so," continued Perret, "did the rest of us. But when we met and all learned that each one of us had been approached—for of course when a man ap-

parently goes broke you can't keep it still—why, we just made up our minds that we would club together and help you out. And each one was willing to give fifty toward the cause."

Winkler looked solemn and conscious. "Boys," he said at last, "I'm ashamed of myself. I ought not to have done it. I see now very clearly that money is no test of friendship. As you say, Perret, I really had no right to make such a request. No man has a right to presume upon his friendship in this way. You couldn't afford to lend me the money for fear it would interfere with our relationship. The only thing you *could* do was to club together and give it to me."

He handed the envelope to Perret.

"I apologize to the whole crowd," he said, "and this means a dinner on me at least."

"Don't mention it," said Perret.

As for Winkler, his experience had sobered him so that when he reached home and his wife, who had sat up for him, asked him the usual question as to how he had enjoyed himself, his face betrayed him.

"Do you know what those fellows did?" he whispered. "They actually clubbed together and made up a purse for my benefit. What do you think of that for real friendship!"

Mrs. Winkler lifted hands.

"There!" she exclaimed. "I knew it!"

"Knew what!"

"Why, you see, Mrs. Jones was over here the day after you had written her husband, and I was so afraid that she would think we were really hard up that I told her the trick you were going to play. She promised she wouldn't, but I just knew she would tell her husband."

Winkler glared off in the imaginary distance, where Jones, Smith, Hackson and Perret were still sitting around the table.

"The villains!" he exclaimed.

Thomas L. Masson.

How the Automobile Promotes Economy

THE office of the automobile in inducing economy in this country is, as yet, imperfectly appreciated. The great obstacle to economy is habits of life. The motor car has done a wonderful work in upsetting fixed habits. We hear how many persons have mortgaged their homes to buy autos. A Kansas sheriff reports that he has always in his yard six or eight autos attached for grocery or dry goods bills. Obviously

autos are breaking considerable numbers of our people from owning houses and paying for necessities—two very important sources of expense. The next step is close economy in lodgings, food and clothes, and that means readjustment of habits of living and a great saving. The next step, pending the result of Mr. Edison's efforts to cheapen motoring, is to sell the auto, and there you are, broken with your past and left with a brand new set of frugal habits, worth to you very likely far more than the auto cost.

The Wall Street Broker

THE Wall Street broker is practically a new species of mankind that has come into existence in comparatively recent times as the world goes on. Nothing just like him has ever existed.

He is a gentleman by demeanor and a gambler by profession. He is of absolutely no importance in the world's economy, as he creates nothing and trades only on the toil of others.

He always keeps his word, is always on time, and prides himself on his respectability, which indeed is his chief asset. Yet his whole standing depends entirely on the weaknesses of others. He lives on the rake-off that results from a contest of fools.

The Wall Street broker as a rule lives on the fat of the land. He knows something of everything. He has traveled and can talk about architecture. He has read and can quote Kipling or Shakespeare. Oftentimes he is a socialist in his opinions—but not in his actions.

The Wall Street broker has feelings. He is often sentimental and may be good to his wife and children. It is not unusual for him to be simple in his tastes. He is likely to be the member of some church.

Then what is the matter with him?

Why, nothing. Who said there was? Anybody who can make a good living and oftentimes a fortune by producing absolutely nothing is entitled to respect.

And the Wall Street broker does it.

If you doubt this watch him when he travels about in his automobile and with his retinue of servants. Dear old Wall Street! Dear not only to the country but to all of us! Don't we all pay for it?

MRS. LOREN YET: He has good blood in him.

MRS. HUGH MUR: But, how admirably he conceals it!



THE END OF THE LIFE LINE

The International Prenuptial Contract

"WHERE are you going, my pretty maid?"

"I'm hunting a title, sir," she said.

"May I go with you, my pretty maid?"

"If you're an Aristocrat, sir," she said.

"And what is your father, my pretty maid?"

"An American Magnate, sir," she said.

"And what is your fortune, my pretty maid?"

"Five million dollars, sir," she said.

"Then I can marry you, my pretty maid."

"If you've got a Coronet, sir," she said.

William Cocke.



Wiping Out Old Sco

LIFE.



ing Out Old Scores

Friendship's Offerings

BY MRS. WILSON WOODROW

MIDSUMMER: The postman has just climbed the hill to my bungalow among the pines, bringing me a quantity of picture postal cards from all parts of the world, delightful reminders of friends across the sea. I must make a list of all of the dear ones who thus think of me, and next winter when I am in California, I shall in turn remember them with a shower of lovely cards. I must also read Emerson's essay on "Friendship" over again to-day, while my heart is so full of gratitude.

A WEEK LATER: These lovely post cards have accumulated so fast that I find it difficult to make room for them. I have filled a dozen large albums with them, and pasted them on the pages of my *Encyclopedia Britannica*. What else was there to do? It is surely better to have a record of friendships than of facts. In addition, I have made several large screens and papered three rooms with the attractive cards. I am thinking of decorating the grape arbor with them to-morrow and perhaps making a flagged walk to the gate. It is sweet to be remembered. I am not well, however; am suffering from insomnia, and losing flesh. Worry a great deal over the disposal of my lovely cards. Two thousand more to-day.

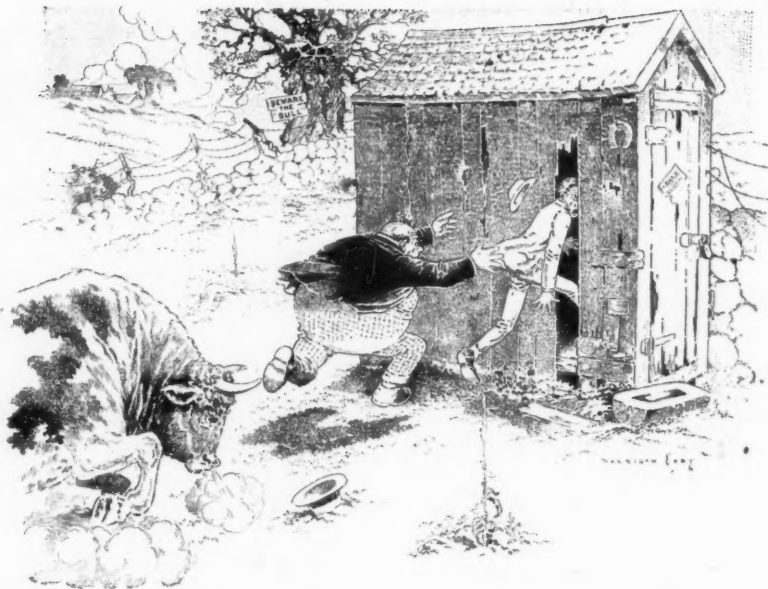
A FORTNIGHT LATER: It is a great grief to me, but I fear that I shall have to give up my trip to California. The money that I laid aside for that purpose has been almost exhausted by the postage that the dear, hurried, thoughtless ones across the ocean forgot to put on the beautiful cards they send me. I almost wish—but no, I will stifle that evil, ungrateful thought.

TEN DAYS LATER: There is a remarkable unanimity in the sentiments inscribed upon the postal cards which are now coming by the hundreds in each mail. I have computed that in every ten thousand, eighty per cent. give the distance from whatever place in which the writer may be, and New York. For instance: "Twenty-five thousand miles from Broadway." Ten per cent. bear this message: "Here we are at X—, go to Z— to-morrow. Fine, but not little, old New York." The third favorite is: "Have no words to describe the beauties of this spot. Having an ideal time. Looking eagerly forward to getting home."

TWO WEEKS LATER: To you alone, dear diary, and in the sacred privacy of your pages will I voice my disloyalty to friendship. Heaven forgive me, but these picture postal cards are worse than the plagues of Egypt! They still continue to come in by the hundreds. After the arrival of the last batch to-day I had some kind of an attack. The doctor who was summoned thought it serious and insisted on a consultation of physicians. They have diagnosed the disease as postcardophobia. Whenever I see a picture card, I bark and foam at the mouth. They hope, however, to save me. A clever young surgeon in Vienna has discovered that by boiling down the more virulently colored cards, a serum can be obtained, which if injected into the veins in time, has had the most beneficial results. If this fails—



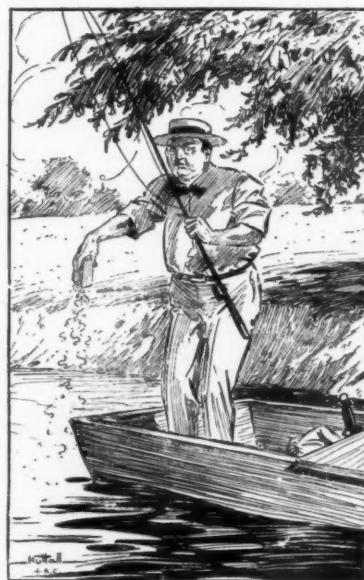
HIS MEMORY OF THE
ATHLETIC GIRL



The Slim One: QUICK, BEN, HERE'S A BOARD OFF AND WE'RE SAVED!

In Case of Matrimony

R FAITH for the present,
HOPE for the future, and
CHARITY for the past.



Disgusted Fisherman (emptying his
bait into the stream): HANGED IF I'LL
WAIT ON YOU ANY LONGER. HERE! HELP
YOURSELVES.

BOOKSELLER: Yes, ma'am, it's the best seller this year.
You see it was prohibited by the censor.

Autos



N eloquent representative of an automobile company represents the suggestion that there has been great extravagance in the buying of automobiles. Other things much less useful, he says, have cost more.

Soda water, he says, costs \$500,000,000 a year; alcoholic beverages, \$1,400,000,000; chewing gum a lot of money; cigars, cigarettes and tobacco, a lot more. It is generally conceded, he says, that a man whose income is \$3,000 a year can afford to buy and maintain a moderate-priced automobile. There are 700,000 American families, he says, with incomes from \$3,000 to \$6,000; 250,000 families with incomes from \$6,000 to \$15,000, and 470,000 families that take in more than \$15,000 a year. And he says that, to date, there have only been about half a million autos built in this country and they are not all running.

But autos are not really in competition with chewing gum. That is the luxury of the impecunious. Whether autos cut into the soda water, soft drinks and liquor trade does not appear. They should, but they are thirsty toys.

We wish some truthful statistician would set forth what is the whole revenue of the country, what are the chief objects of expenditure, how much goes for autos and what are the chief things, formerly bought, that people are going without in order to have autos. We have heard that the trade in fine watches and pianos has suffered from the diversion of funds to autos. What else?



STORMY, FOLLOWED BY CLEARING TO-NIGHT



SHE HAD NEVER SEEN HIM IN THIS LIGHT BEFORE

Bonds? The \$3,000-a-year-man can have a small auto, but what must he go without in order to keep it?

Apparently only about one-half of one per cent. of our population indulges at present in these remarkable vehicles, but they constantly grow in popularity and a very great increase in the use of them is as certain as taxes. It may not be a steady increase but it is sure to come. The auto has beaten the horse-drawn pleasure vehicle almost out of sight.

Characteristic Capitalistic Conservatism

What we ought to fight for is the upbuilding of the navy till it is superior to those of any two nations put together.—Mr. Thomas Fortune Ryan.

IF outdoing two nations would increase steel dividends, say two per cent., or one per cent. per nation, then outdoing four nations would increase steel dividends four per cent., and so on until every nation was outdone, and then no cross-roads in the country would have an excuse for being without a library.



POPULAR BIRTHDAYS

HERE'S HOW

REX BEACH

Born September 1, 1877

Mr. Beach belongs to the younger generation of what may be termed red-blood American authors. He writes of the West and his books teem with adventures and thrilling situations. Before publishing his first really popular book, *The Spoilers*, he was for long a magazine writer. Educated at public schools, he studied law and became also interested in business. He represents all of the "up-to-date" tendencies of Young America, and has also succeeded in preserving his modesty.

It is therefore with considerable pleasure that we address you, sir, with an enthusiastic "Shake, pard!" and wish you well. You are so extremely young, and have already done so much, that we would not attempt even to predict all the glory that awaits you; but we trust that you will carry around as much of it as you can stand with all of the increasing dignity of assured worth.



NEWELL DWIGHT HILLIS

Born September 2, 1858

Mr. Hillis is a prominent clergyman, was born in Iowa, educated at Lake Forest University and McCormack Theological Seminary, began his ministerial career at Peoria, Ill., succeeded Professor Swing as pastor of the Central Church in Chicago and in 1899 came on to Brooklyn, where he has since been pastor of Plymouth Church.



He is also an author and a lecturer of wide repute.

As the successor of Henry Ward Beecher, sir, you deserve to be congratulated. We humbly confess that we have never read anything that you have ever written or heard anything that you ever said. But we congratulate you, nevertheless, upon your career. We have a distinct impression that you deserve to be congratulated. You might easily, for example, have written inspiring articles for the *Ladies' Home Journal*. The fact that you have not done so argues much for your character.

May you live long and do as much good as it is possible in Brooklyn. We congratulate Brooklyn also in having you. Brooklyn needs every good influence, and we have no reason to doubt that you are anything else.

HOKE SMITH

Born September 2, 1855

Governor Smith was born in North Carolina, moved to Georgia at seventeen, taught school, studied law, became the proprietor of the *Atlanta Journal* and, in 1893, was Secretary of the Interior; afterward Governor of Georgia.

These are bare facts. But who shall convey an idea of the glory of the name of Hoke Smith? It is known wherever there is statesmanship, wherever there is oratory, wherever there is true patriotism.

Distinguished brother, we greet thee with many appropriate sentiments and we wish thee a long and happy life.



ON THE CONTRARY

HAROLD MAC GRATH

Born September 4, 1871

We have heard Mr. MacGrath referred to as the Hall Caine of America, but we refuse to believe it. On the contrary, we have always found him a hard-working and extremely modest toiler in the field of best-sellers. He was born in Syracuse, educated in Syracuse and still lives in Syracuse; surely this is fame enough for any man. But Mr. MacGrath has done more: he has written books that have been reviewed in the *New York Evening Post* and have sold mightily. We are not prepared to hold this up against him.

His *Man on the Box* we remember as being a good story. Also he has written others. And so, as an author and a story-teller and a dweller in Syracuse, we lift up our feeble pen in his praise on this his natal day and wish him in the future as many birthdays and as few returns as is possible in our civilization.

And while we are about it we also congratulate Syracuse. Syracuse has not lived in vain to produce such an author as Mr. MacGrath.



JAMES K. HACKETT

Born September 6, 1869

James K. Hackett is an American actor, with a large A. We are informed that at the age of twenty-six he was the youngest leading man in stage history.

William Pitt, at twenty-three, was Prime Minister of England; Mr. Hackett, at twenty-six, was only three years behind William Pitt in his supremacy; this difference, however, may easily be accounted for considering how much more difficult it is to become a good actor than it is to become a good Prime Minister.

Mr. Hackett has also achieved a considerable reputation as a matinee idol; so his cup of honors is full.

Here's to your sense of modesty, sir! May it continue to obscure all of your other attainments!



The Simple Death

LITTLE jabs of Doctor,
Little grains of pus,
Make the vaccination
And the tetanus.



A SAND PEEP

Great Examples

LIES of great men oft remind us
We can make our lies sublime;
Till they actually blind us
To old-fashioned forms of crime.

State Roads

OLD residents of old States cannot get used to the State roads. Up in central and western New York, for example, to see real roads, smooth, clean and hard, running through country that used to be marked in winter by lines of deep, deep mud, in summer by lines of dust, is a perpetual amazement to the old residents. They make an astonishing difference in country life, these roads do, and it is time it was made. Farming life, even in New York State, which is not so bad to farm, has by no means held its

own in the last fifty years. Farmers have needed to have more fun, and of a kind disassociated from alcohol, that their women folks can share. The State roads are a great help to them, especially as a large part of the cost of them falls on the cities. More roads carry life to the farms. The automobiles brought them, the bicycles use them as well as the teams. They are making a vital difference and improvement in American life and are helping to check the drift toward the cities.

Take notice, Signor Ferrero, that the Roman Empire never had the automobile.

The Latest Favorite

THE man who seems at this writing to occupy the spot-light is the Man from Missouri who wants to be Shown. Every newspaper, story-teller and club-talker now quotes him. He is going to have a tremendous vogue in the fall campaign.

A Bridge Alphabet

A was an Amateur doing his best.
B was the Bridge that he played with such zest.
C was the Cards that he pulled rather slow,
D was the Discard that bothered him so.
E the Eleven Rule (only slight aid).
F the Finesse that he vainly essayed.
G was the Game which he played well (he thought!)
H was the Honors which somehow were caught.
I was the Inference never he drew.
J was the Jack that he led from J. 2.
K was the King, whose guard he would lose,
L was the Lead, when he shook in his shoes.
M was the Make; he counted his hand.
N was No-Trump, he thought that was grand.
O was the Opening Lead: (always wrong!)
P was Post-Mortems—on those he was strong.
Q was the Queen he finessed to his cost.
R was the Rubber he frequently lost.
S was the Score, which he never looked at,
T was the Ten-ace—he understood that!
U was Unblocking—too many for him.
V was a Value, a term he thought dim.
W was Whist, which he bravely attacked,
X was experience he sadly lacked.
Y was a Yarborough that made him mad,
Z was the Zero score, often he had.

Carolyn Wells.



Sparks From Old Anvils



The Fox, the Wolf, and the Horse

BY LA FONTAINE

A fox, though young, by no means raw,
Had seen a Horse—the first he ever saw;
Ho! Neighbor Wolf, said he to one quite green,
A creature in our meadow I have seen—
Sleek, grand! I seem to see him yet—
The finest beast I have ever met.
Is he a stouter one than we?
The Wolf demanded eagerly.
Some picture of him let me see.
If I could paint, said Fox, I should delight
To anticipate your pleasure at the sight;
But come, who knows? Perhaps it is a prey,
By fortune offered in our way.

They went. The Horse, turned loose to graze.
Not liking much their looks and ways,
Was just about to gallop off.
Sir, said the Fox, your humble servants, we
Make bold to ask you what your name may be.
The Horse, an animal with brains enough,
Replied, Sirs, you yourselves may read my name;
My shoer round my heel hath writ the same.
The Fox excused himself for want of knowledge:
Me, sir, my parents did not educate—
So poor a hole was their entire estate.
My friend, the Wolf, however, taught at College,
Could read it, were it even Greek.
The Wolf, to flattery weak,
Approach'd to verify the boast,
For which four teeth he lost.
The high-raised hoof came down with such a blow
As laid him bleeding on the ground full low.
My brother, said the Fox, this shows how just
What once was taught me by a Fox of wit—
Which on thy jaws this animal hath writ—
"All unknown things the wise mistrust."

(La Fontaine read this Fable at his election to the French Academy and so charmingly that he was asked to read it again.)

An Agreeable Practice

Dr. Garth, who was one of the Kit-Kat Club, coming there one night, declared he must soon be gone, having many patients to attend; but some good wine being produced, he forgot them. When Sir Richard Steele reminded him of his patients, Garth immediately said: "It's no great matter whether I see them to-night or not, for nine of them have such bad constitutions that all the physicians in the world can't save them, and the other six have such good constitutions that all the physicians in the world can't kill them."

Three Versus One

A gentleman who had been led by curiosity to visit the Positivist Church in London, where the Doctrine of Humanity was preached to a select few, being asked what he had found there, replied: "Three persons and no God."

The Bumblebee

BY HENRY W. SHAW

The bumblebee iz a kind ov big fly who goes muttering and swearing around the lots during the summer looking after little boys to sting them, and stealing hunny out ov the dandylions and thissells. He iz mad all the time about sumthing, and don't seem to kare a kuss what people think ov him. A skoolboy will studdy harder enny time to find a bumblebee's nest than he will to get his lesson in arithmetik, and when he haz found it and got the hunny out ov it and got badly stung into the bargain he finds there ain't much margin in it. Next to poor molassis, bumblebee hunny iz the poorest kind ov sweetmeats in market. Bumblebees hav allwuss been in fashion, and probably allwuss will be, but whare the fun or profit lays in them i never could cypher out. The profit don't seem to be in the hunny, nor in the bumblebee, neither. They bild their nest in the ground, or enny whare else they take a noshun to. It ain't afrade to fite a whole distrikt skool if they meddle with them. I don't blame the bumblebee, nor enny other fellow, for defending hiz sugar: it iz the fust and last Law ov natur, and i hope the law won't never run out. The smartest thing about the bumblebee is their stinger.

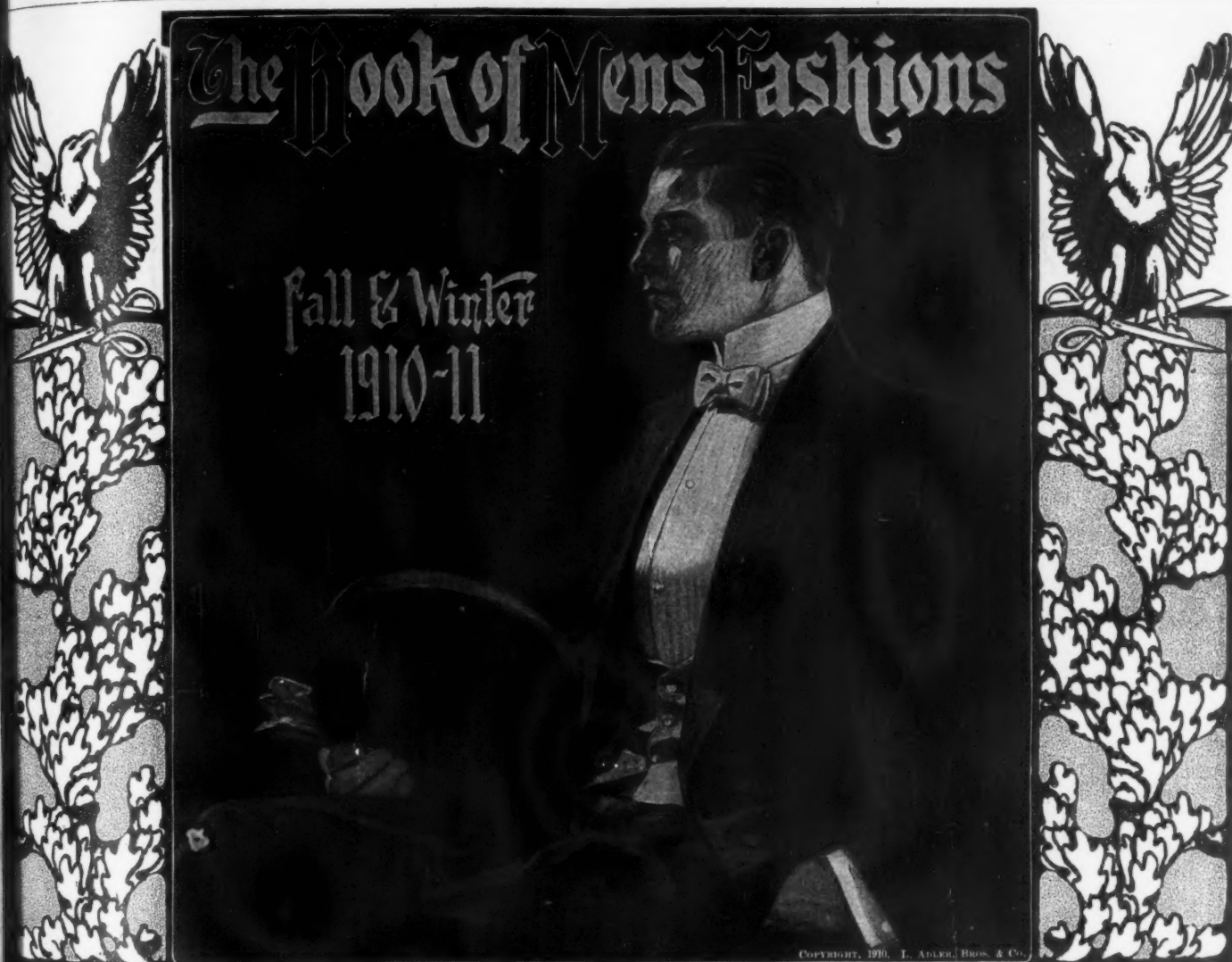
Not Giving Himself "Airs"

Archdeacon Paley was in very high spirits when he was presented to his first preferment in the church. He attended at a visitation dinner just after this event, and during the entertainment called out jocosely: "Waiter, shut down that window at the back of my chair and open another behind some curate."



"BESIDES, WE SHOULD NOT BE HAPPY TOGETHER"

—From "Daumier and Garvanni," International Studio Special Extra Number, John Lane Company.



Is Your Appearance Worth a Postal—

or a two cent stamp?

That's the only expense attached to your getting a real style book—an *absolute authority* in fashions for men.

Furthermore, the Adler - Rochester Style Book—for Fall and Winter, 1910-11—shows what is *possible* in clothes.

It takes you through the famous Adler-Rochester plant—the finest tailoring institution in the world. It tells

briefly and interestingly, the reason why our clothes are worn by the best dressed men today.

We've designed *forty-one styles* this Fall. Let this book be your guide in which style is best for *you*.

Learn from it how the *finest* first-grade clothes are made, and how you may get them at *ordinary* good clothes' prices. Then you'll realize *why* you will be better dressed—and without any greater outlay—if you demand

ADLER-ROCHESTER-CLOTHES

You'll find that the merchant who handles our clothes in your town has *your interests* at heart. Otherwise he'd be selling other clothes—entirely in *his own* interests.

The name and address of this merchant accompanies the Adler-Rochester Fall Style Book.

The value of this book to you—or to any man who esteems his appearance—is *priceless*.

Yet it is yours for a simple request. Ask for Edition J, and *mail today*. To delay may be to forget. To forget is to continue buying clothes haphazard—to be a loser in purse and in appearance. *Act now!*

L. ADLER, BROS. & CO., Rochester, N. Y.

How to Hunt the Fox

BILL NYE



The joyous season for hunting is again upon us.

The huntsman now takes the flannels off his fox, rubs his stiffened limbs with gargling oil, ties a bunch of firecrackers to his tail, and runs him around the barn a few times to see if he is in good order.

The foxhound is a cross of the bloodhound, the greyhound, the bulldog and the chump. When you step on his tail he is said to be in full cry. The foxhound obtains from his ancestors, on the bloodhound side of the house, his keen scent, which enables him while in full cry 'cross country to pause and hunt for chipmunks. He also obtains from the bloodhound branch of his family a wild yearning to star in an "Uncle Tom" company, and watch little Eva meander up the flume at two dollars per week. From the greyhound he gets his most miraculous speed, which enables him to attain a rate of velocity so great that he is unable to halt during the excitement of the chase, frequently running so far during the day that it takes him a week to get back, when, of course, all interest has died out. From the bulldog the foxhound obtains his great tenacity of purpose, his deep-seated convictions, his quick perceptions, his love of home and his clinging nature. From the chump the foxhound gets his high intellectuality and that mental power which enables him to distinguish almost at a glance the salient points of difference between a two-year-old steer and a two-dollar bill.

The foxhound is about two feet in height, and 120 of them would be considered an ample number for a quiet little fox-hunt. Some hunters think this number inadequate, but unless the fox be unusually skittish and crawl under the barn, 120 foxhounds ought to be enough. The trouble generally is that hunters make too much noise, thus scaring the fox so that he tries to get away from them. This necessitates hard riding and great activity on the part of the whippers-in. Frightening a fox almost always results in sending him out of the road and compelling horsemen to stop in order to take down a panel of fence every little while that they may follow the animal, and before you can get the fence up again the owner is on the ground, and after you have made change with him and mounted again the fox may be nine miles away. Try by all means to keep your fox in the road!

It makes a great difference what kind of fox you use, however. I once had a fox on my Pumpkin Butte estates that lasted me three years, and I never knew him to shy or turn out of the road for anything but a loaded team. He was the best fox for hunting purposes that I ever had. Every spring I would sprinkle him with Scotch snuff and put him away in the bureau till fall. He would then come out bright and chipper. He was always ready to enter into the chase with all the chic and embonpoint of a regular Kenosha; and nothing pleased him better than to be about eight miles in advance of my thoroughbred pack in full cry, scampering 'cross country, while stretching back a few miles behind the dogs followed a pale young man with his financier, each riding a horse that had sat down too hard on its tail some time and driven into its system about six joints.

Some hunters who are madly and passionately devoted to the sport leap their horses over fences, moats, donjon keeps, hedges and currant bushes with utter sang-froid and the wild, unfettered toot-ongsomble of a brass band. It is one of the most spirited and touchful of sights to see a young fox-hunter going home through the gloaming with a full cry in one hand and the pancreas in the other.



Some like to be in at the death, as it is called, and it is certainly a laudable ambition. To see 120 dogs hold out against a ferocious fox weighing nine pounds; to watch the brave little band of dogs and whippers-in and horses with sawed-off tails, making up in heroism what they lack in numbers, succeeding at last in ridding the country of the ferocious brute which has long been the acknowledged foe of the human race, is, indeed, a fine sight.

Too much stress cannot be placed upon the costume worn while fox-hunting, and, in fact—that is, after all—the life and soul to the chase. For ladies, nothing looks better than a close-fitting jacket, sewed together with thread of the same shade, and a skirt. Neat-fitting cavalry boots and a plug hat complete the costume. Then with a hue in one hand, a cry in the other, she is prepared to mount. Lead the horse up to a stone wall or a freight car and spring lightly into the saddle with a glad cry. A freight car is the best thing from which to mount a horse, but it is too unwieldy, and frequently delays the chase. For this reason too much luggage should not be carried on a fox-hunt. Some gentlemen carry a change of canes, neatly concealed in a shawl-strap, but even this may be dispensed with.

For gentlemen, a dark four-button cutaway coat, with neat, loose-fitting, white panties, will generally scare a fox into convulsions, so that he may be easily killed with a club. A short-waisted plug hat may be worn also in order to distinguish the hunter from the whipper-in, who wears a baseball cap. The only fox-hunting I have ever done was on board an impetuous, tough-bitted, fore-and-aft horse that had emotional insanity. I was dressed in a swallow-tail coat, waistcoat of Scotch plaid Turkish toweling and a pair of close-fitting breeches of etiquette tucked into my boot-tops. As I was away from home at the time and could not reach my own steed I was obliged to mount a spirited steed with high, intellectual hips, one white eye and a big red nostril that you could set a Shanghai hen in. This horse, as soon as the pack broke into full cry, climbed over a fence that had wrought-iron briars on it, lit in a cornfield, stabbed his hind leg through a sere and yellow pumpkin, which he wore the rest of the day, with seven yards of pumpkin vine streaming out behind, and away we dashed 'cross country!

I remained mounted not because I enjoyed it, for I did not, but because I dreaded to dismount. I hated to go off in pieces. If I can't get off a horse's back as a whole I would rather adhere to the horse. I will add here that I did so.

We did not see the fox, but we saw almost everything else. I remember, among other things, of riding through a hothouse, and how I enjoyed it. A morning scamper through a conservatory when the syringas and jonquils

(Continued on page 362)



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The individuality of these admirable examples of the modern Cabinet-Maker's craft is such that an illustrated Catalogue would be misleading rather than helpful.

Of actual assistance to those furnishing, however, will be found our book, "The House and Its Plenishing," which will be sent to all who write us of their exact needs.

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Take them
"into camp" for
your vacation.

CAMBRIDGE in boxes of ten 25c
AMBASSADOR the after-dinner size 35c

"The Little Brown Box"

Sparks From Old Anvils

(Continued from page 360)

and Jack roses lie cuddled up together in their little beds is a thing to remember and look back to and pay for. To stand knee-deep in grass and gladioli, to smell the mashed and mused-up mignonette and the last fragrant sigh of the scrunched heliotrope beneath the hoof of your horse, while far away the deep-mouthed baying of the hoarse hounds, hotly hugging the reeking trail of the aniseed bag, calls on the gorgeously caparisoned hills to give back their merry music or fork it over to other answering hills, is joy to the huntsman's heart.

On, on I rode with my unconfined locks streaming behind me in the autumn wind. On and still on I sped, the big, bright, pumpkin slipping up and down the gambrel of my spirited horse at every jump. On and ever on we went, shedding terror and pumpkin seeds along our glittering track, till my proud steed ran his leg in a gopher hole and fell over one of those machines that they put on a high-headed steer to keep him from jumping fences. As the horse fell, the necklace of this hickory poke flew up and adjusted itself around my throat. In an instant my steed was on his feet again, and gaily we went forward, while the prong of this barbarous appliance over and anon plowed into a brand-new culvert or rooted up a clover-field. Every time it ran into an orchard or a cemetery it would jar my neck and knock me silly. But I could see with joy that it reduced the speed of my horse. At last, as the sun went down reluctantly, it seemed to me, for he knew that he would never see such riding again, my ill-spent horse fell with a hollow moan, curled up, gave a spasmodic quiver with his little, nerveless, sawed-off tail and died.

The other huntsmen succeeded in treecing the aniseed bag at sundown, in time to catch the six o'clock train home.

Fox-hunting is one of the most thrilling pastimes of which I know, and for young men whose parents have amassed large sums of money in the intellectual pursuit of hides and tallow, the meet, the chase, the scamper, the full cry, the cover, the stellated fracture, the yelp of the pack, the yip, the yell of triumph, the confusion, the whoop, the holla, the halloo, the hurrah, the abrasion, the snort of the hunter, the concussion, the sward, the open, the earth-stopper, the strangulated hernia, the glad cry of the hound as he brings home the quivering seat of the peasant's pantaloons, the yelp of joy as he lays at his master's feet the strawberry mark of the rustic, all, all are exhilarating to the sons of the American nobility.

Fox-hunting combines the danger and the wild tumultuous joy of the skating rink, the toboggan slide, the mush-and-milk sociable and the straw ride.

With a good horse, an air cushion, a reliable earth-stopper and an aniseed bag, a man must be thoroughly blasé who cannot enjoy a scamper across country, over the Pennsylvania wold, the New Jersey mere, the Connecticut moor, the Indiana glade, the Missouri brake, the Michigan mead, the American tarn, the fen, the gulch, the buffalo wallow, the cranberry marsh, the glen, the draw, the canon, the ravine, the forks, the bottom or the settlement.

For the young American nobleman whose ducal father made his money by inventing a fluent pill, or who gained his great wealth through relieving humanity by means of a lung-pad, a liver-pad, a kidney-pad or a foot-pad, fox-hunting is first rate.

Sidney Smith on Rogers

"How is Rogers?" "He is not very well." "Why, what is the matter?" "Oh, don't you know, he has produced a couplet? When our friend is delivered of a couplet, with infinite labor and pain, he takes to his bed, has straw laid down, the knocker tied up, expects his friends to call and make inquiries, and the answer at the door is: 'Mr. Rogers and his little couplet are as well as can be expected.' When he produces an Alexandrine he keeps his bed a day longer."—From Sidney Smith's "Wit and Wisdom."

The late Mr. Hayward said of Carlyle that his great aim and philosophy of life was "the smallest happiness of the fewest number."—English Conversational Wit.

(Continued on page 367)



"An Invitation to the Dance"

quoted a well-known music critic watching a hundred children dancing to Baldwin Player-Piano accompaniment.

All the waltz kings, all the music monarchs from Strauss to Sousa, from Chopin to Chaminade, are your subjects—

The Baldwin Player-Piano

furnishes fingers of fairy fleetness and the power to accent like an artist. Yet you control the performance; your rhythmic feeling rules.

Try the Viennese waltzes on a Baldwin Player-Piano. Here is swing, enticement, color as when the master leads the band. *Every* composer is yours to interpret with *art*.

The Catalogue, describing Baldwin player construction, is complete with player facts. Let us send it. Comparison between the "Baldwin" and other piano-playing inventions emphasizes Baldwin superiority.

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At the 18th

I

("Favete linguis."—Horace)

Still,
Rippling rill!
Quiet, ye whispering elms!
O'er all Dame Nature's realms
Let silence come.

Hush,
Generous thrush,
Forbear awhile to thrill us!
Hop soft, hilarious gryllus,
And be dumb!
Let every natural mouth be shut—
For Smith (yes, Smith) is going to putt.

* * * * *

II

("Latret natura."—Lucretius)

Caw,
Hovering daw!
Gryllus, resume thy note!
And, mavis, give thy throat
Its fullest compass!

Crash,
Quivering ash!

Give tongue, ye startled kine!
Let nature raise, in fine,
A tactful rumpus.
E'en then, let decent ears be shut—
For Smith (yes, Smith) has missed his
putt! —Punch.



KNEE HIGH TO A GRASSHOPPER

His One Good Trait

JONES: Whenever I have to borrow money I try to get it from a pessimist.
BROWN: Why?
JONES: A pessimist never expects to get it back.—*New Zealand Free Lance.*

The Luck of the Draw

The mistress was giving Harriet the benefit of her advice and counsel, touching a momentous step the latter contemplated.

"Of course, Harriet," said the lady of the house, "if you intend to get married, that's your own business; but you mustn't forget that marriage is a very serious matter."

"Yis, mum," said Harriet. "Yis mum; I know 'tis, sometimes, mum. But, mum, maybe I'll have better luck than you did, mum."—*Brooklyn Life.*

TOMMY: Tell us a fairy tale.

GUEST: Once a man who had a baby that didn't cry and a dog that didn't bite went to live in a suburb without mosquitoes.—*Harper's Bazar.*

"Now, children, what is this?" asked the teacher, holding up the picture of a zebra.

"It looks to me like a horse in a bathing suit," answered a little boy.

—*Our Dumb Animals.*

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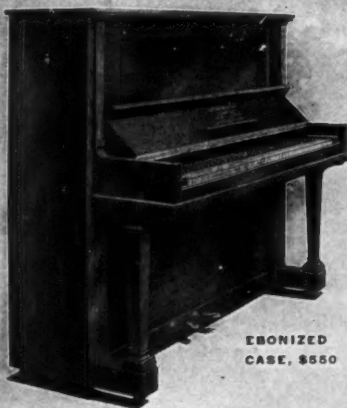
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Get "Improved," no tacks required.
Wood Rollers **Tin Rollers**

Rhymed Reviews

A Splendid Hazard

(By Harold McGrath. The Bobbs-Merrill Company.)

When great Napoleon was chained,
Because they dared not hang or
drown him,
Some faithful soldiers who remained
Amassed a fund to free and crown
him—

A tidy sum, two million francs,
Enough to wake the cannon's thun-
der;
And, since they could not trust the
banks,
In Corsica they hid the plunder.

The Emperor died. The treasure lay
Unclaimed in highlands rough and
fuzzy;
The only clue was tucked away
Within a house in far New Jersey.

And there the bluff old Killigrew,
A U. S. Admiral off duty,
Unearthed the chart a year or two
Ago, and sailed to seek the booty.

A great-grandson of Bonaparte,
Unknown, an humble secretary,
Was one of those engaged to start
Upon this errand mercenary.

He deemed the treasure his by right,
The key to power, grandeur, glory;
He was, the author says, a mite
Disordered in the upper story.



Hawes.von Gal HATS

It is now the fashion among smartly dressed men to wear a soft hat during the interval between the dethronement of the straw and the reign of the formal derby.

During the early Autumn weeks more Hawes, von Gal soft hats will be worn than ever before. Ask your dealer for them—or for the Hawes, von Gal derby if you prefer the stiff hat. But whatever the style or price, every Hawes, von Gal Hat is doubly guaranteed. Prices, \$3, \$4 and \$5.

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If not at your dealer's, write for our new Fall and Winter Style Book "T." We will fill your order direct from the factory if you will indicate style wanted and give your hat size, your height, weight and waist measure. Add 25 cents to cover cost of expressage.

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The O. K. Mfg. Co., Syracuse, N. Y., U. S. A. NO 1 B

They called him "Breitmann"; Ger-
man-born,
The Prussian statesmen schemed to
make him
In France's side a venomed thorn;
And, after that—the devil take him!

Thus, goaded on, he vowed in wrath
To have his own by all that's holy;
To quote the erudite McGrath
Who likes the phrase, "he said it
lowly."

He stole the chart; he seized the gold,
Aflame with half-revealed ambitions,
But learned in time that he was sold—
The dupe of knaves and politicians.

Yet all agreed the gold belonged
To him, the royally descended.
He wed the woman he had wronged—
A "hazard"? Y-e-s, but hardly
"splendid."

Arthur Guiterman.

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OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



An Unpleasant Tendency

It gives a married man the chills
And chronic blues
When marriage merely runs to bills,
Instead of coos.

—Pittsburgh Post

"Sot"

Mayor Magee, of Pittsburgh, was talking about an obstinate man.

"He is 'sot' in his ways," said the Mayor. "He is as bad as the old planter of history.

"An old planter in the palmy days before the war was blown up in a steam-boat accident on the Mississippi. They fished him out unconscious. At the end of an hour's manipulation he came to.

"Where am I?" he asked, lifting his head feebly.

"Safe on shore," the doctor told him.

"Which side of the river?" he inquired.

"The Iowa side," the doctor replied.

"The planter frowned. He looked at the turbid, yellow stream. Then he said:

"Just my luck to land in a prohibition State. Chuck me in again."

—Philadelphia Record.

To Feel Young
To Look Young
To Keep Young

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EVANS' ALE

Makes rich red blood and infuses the genial glow of health into every nerve and muscle of the body. Its healthfulness makes youthful hearts and spirits. As delicious as it is beneficial.

In Splits If desired.

Leading Dealers and Places.

C. H. EVANS & SON, Hudson, N. Y.



AFTER THE DAY'S WORK

Mother Knew

DAUGHTER: Mother, could I love two men at the same time?

MOTHER: Not if one of them gets wise.—Princeton Tiger.

Caroni Bitters—Its aroma—flavor—will convince is the best.

Oct. C. Blache & Co., New York, Gen'l

School in 1950

TEACHER (to a newly arrived pupil): Have you your vaccination certificate with you? "Yes, sir." "Have you been inoculated against croup?" "Yes, sir." "Have you been vaccinated with the cholera bacillus?" "Yes, sir." "Have you a written certificate that you have been made immune against whooping-cough, measles and scarlatina?" "Yes, sir." "Will you promise never to use the sponge and slate-pencil of your neighbor?" "Yes, sir." "Are you willing that at least once every week all your books be thoroughly fumigated with sulphur, and your clothes be disinfected with mercuric bichloride?" "Yes, sir." "Very well, then, as you possess all the necessary protective measures prescribed by our modern hygienic requirements, you may enter the wire inclosure, sit upon that aluminum seat and begin your lessons."—Princeton Tiger.

White Rock

suggestions for
Warm Weather

ICED TEA

Iced tea is not only improved, but made a most unusually delicious and sparkling summer drink by the addition of WHITE ROCK, thoroughly chilled.

In EMERGENCY Try
Hunyadi János
NATURAL APERIENT WATER.
Avoid Substitutes

Sparks from Old Anvils

(Continued from page 362)

Marriage

BY HENRY W. SHAW (JOSH BILLINGS)



Marriage iz a fair transaction on the face ov it.

But there iz quite too often put up jobs in it.

It is an institu-shun older than the pyramids, and az phull ov hyro-glyphicks that nobody kan parse.

History holds its tounge who the pair was who fust put on the silken harness, and promised tew work kind in it, thru thick and thin, up hill and down, and on the level, rain or shine, survive or perish, sink or swim, drown or flote.

But whoever they waz they must hav made a good thing out ov it, or so menny ov their posterity would not hav harnessed up since and drov out.

There iz a grate moral grip in marriage; it iz the mortar that holds the soshul bricks together.

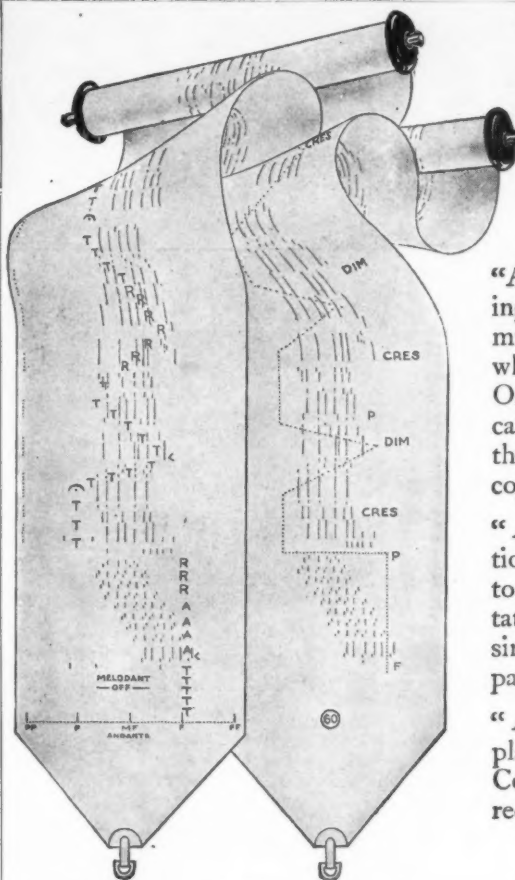
Sum marry for buty, and never discover their mistake; this iz lucky. Sum marry for money, and—don't see it.

Sum marry for pedigree, and feel



Egyptian
Deities
The Utmost in Cigarettes

As near perfect
as mother nature
and human skill
can make them
Cork Tips or Plain



An "Artistyle" Music-Roll

Constant changes of *time* as well as of *tone* are indicated by the single broken zig-zag line. Soft when the line is at the left; loud when at the right, etc., with all volume changes between. When the line is made up of a series of T's, the music is in regular time; a series of R's means to retard; a series of A's, to accelerate. And yet, it always lends itself to the individual interpretation. R indicates a slight pause; < a sharp accent; ^ to hold (stop).

The Ordinary Music-Roll

On this, changes of tone are indicated by the dotted line, and also by a series of letters—P, PP, MF, F, FF, MP, etc. Changes of time by a series of words—Retard, Accelerate, Tempo, Vivace, etc. and numerals. Yet, with all this complicated marking, the artistic interpretation is by no means so complete as on "Artistyle" Music-Rolls.

Write for the name of nearest representative and descriptive books of the Knabe-Angelus, Emerson-Angelus and Angelus Piano.

THE WILCOX & WHITE CO.
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big for six months, and then very sensibly cum to the conclusion that pedigree ain't no better than skim milk.

Sum marry tew pleze their relashuns, and are surprized tew learn that their relashuns don't care a cuss for them afterwards.

Sum marry bekauze they hav bin highested sumwhere else; this iz a cross match, a bay and a sorrel; pride may make it endurable.

Sum marry for love without a cent in their pocket, nor a friend in the world, nor a drop ov pedigree. This looks desperate, but it iz the strength ov the game.

"Artistyle" Music Rolls

The simplest and clearest
for artistic interpretation

"Artistic Interpretation" means the varying expression of *time* and *tone* which the musician introduces into his playing, and which eliminates "mechanical effects." Ordinary music-rolls contain very few indications for artistic interpretation, because the sheet-music, from which they are copied, contain only the principal ones.

"Artistyle" Music-Rolls contain indications for *all* delicate variations of time and tone, being especially edited by authoritative musicians—are the clearest and simplest made. Comparison of the accompanying pictures illustrate this.

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Takes all ANGELUS and all standard 88-note and 65-note music-rolls. A repertoire far larger than is available for any other player-piano.

If marrying for love ain't a success, then matrimony iz a ded beet.

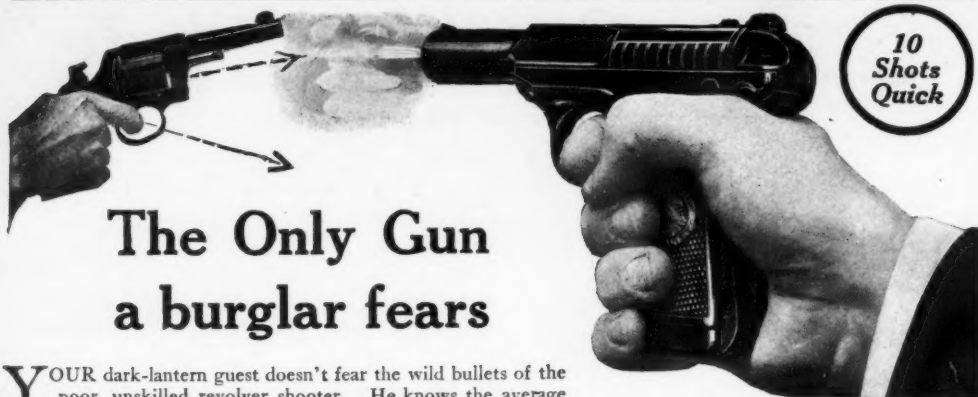
Sum marry bekauze they think wimmin will be skarse next year, and liv tew wonder how the crop holds out.

Sum marry tew git rid ov themselves, and diskover that the game was one that two could play at, and neither win.

Sum marry the seckond time to git even, and find it a gambling game; the more they put down, the less they take up.

Sum marry tew be happy, and, not

(Continued on page 368)



The Only Gun a burglar fears

YOUR dark-lantern guest doesn't fear the wild bullets of the poor, unskilled revolver shooter. He knows the average man's aim is uncertain with a crooked-handle revolver, and revolver bullets go wild because the long trigger pull gives a jerk just as the bullet starts.

But the burglar does fear the sharp barking of a Savage Automatic.

You need a Savage Automatic because *First*: It is the only gun you point straight instinctively, just as you point your forefinger. It is not a revolver. The handle is straight. The trigger doesn't flinch. *Second*: The Savage gets in the first (vital) shot. Others as fast as you pull the trigger. 32 caliber.

The Savage is the only automatic which suspends all action at each shot until the bullet is out. This means straight shooting and positive protection to the user.

"The Tenderfoot's Turn," a fascinating book by "Bat" Masterson, sent free if you mention your dealer. SAVAGE ARMS COMPANY, 889 Savage Ave., Utica, N. Y.

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A Happy Marriage

Depends largely on a knowledge of the whole truth about self and sex and their relation to life and health. This knowledge does not come intelligently of itself, nor correctly from ordinary every-day sources.

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(Illustrated)

by William H. Walling, A.M., M.D., imparts in a clear, wholesome way in one volume:

- Knowledge a Young Man Should Have.
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- Knowledge a Father Should Impart to His Son.
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- Knowledge a Young Wife Should Have.
- Knowledge a Mother Should Have.
- Knowledge a Mother Should Impart to Her Daughter.
- Medical Knowledge a Wife Should Have.

All in one volume. Illustrated. \$2, postpaid. Write for "Other People's Opinions" and Table of Contents. Puritan Pub. Co., 711 Perry Bldg., Phila., Pa.

Sparks from Old Anvils

(Continued from page 367)

finding it, wonder where all the happiness on earth goes to when it dies.

Sum marry, they can't tell whi, and liv, they can't tell how.

Almose every boddy gits married, and it iz a good joke.

Sum marry in haste, and then set down and think it careful over.

Sum think it over careful fust, and then set down and marry.

Both ways are right, if they hit the mark.

Sum marry rakes tew convert them. This iz a little risky and takes a smart missionary to do it.

Sum marry coquetts. This iz like buying a poor farm, heavily mortgaged, and working the balance ov yure days tew clear oph the mortgages.

Married life haz its chances, and this iz just what gives it its flavor. Every boddy luvz tew phool with the chances, bekauze every boddy expectz tew win. But i am authorized tew state that every boddy don't win.

Sum never marry, but this iz jist az risky; the disease iz the same, with no other name to it.

The man who stands on the bank shivering, and dassent, iz more apt tew ketch cold than him who pitchez hiz hed fust into the river.

There iz but phew who never marry bekauze they won't; they all hanker, and most ov them starve with slices ov bread before them (spread on both sides), jist for the lack ov grit.

Marry yung iz my motto. I hav tried it, and kno what i am talkin' about.

If enny boddy asks yu whi yu got married (if needs be), tell him yu don't recollect.

Marriage iz a safe way to gamble—if yu win, you win a pile, and if yu loze, yu don't loze anny thing, only the

privilege ov living dismally alone, and soaking yure own feet.

I repeat it, in italicks, marry young! There is but one good excuse for a marriage late in life, and that iz—second marriage.

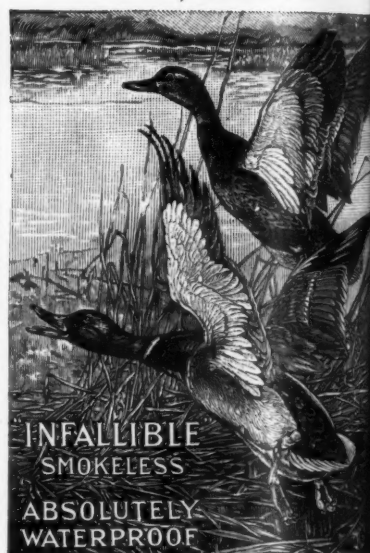
What He Wanted It For

Those who attended the sale of animals from Barnum's Hippodrome in Bridgeport report the following occurrence. A tiger was being offered. The bid ran up to forty-five hundred dollars. This was made by a man who

(Continued on page 369)

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Sparks From Old Anvils

(Continued from page 368)

was a stranger, and to him it was knocked down. Barnum, who had been eyeing the stranger uneasily during the bidding, now went up to him and said:

"Pardon me for asking the question; but will you tell me where you are from?"

"Down South a bit," responded the man.

"Are you connected with any show?"

"No."

"And are you buying this animal for yourself?"

"Yes!"

Barnum shifted about uneasily for a moment, looking alternately at the man and at the tiger and evidently trying his best to reconcile the two together.

"Now, young man," he finally said, "you need not take this animal unless you want to, for there are those here who will take it off your hands."

"I don't want to sell," was the stranger's quiet reply.

Then Barnum said in his desperation:

"What on earth are you going to do with such an ugly beast if you have no show of your own, and are not buying for some one who is a showman?"

"Well, I'll tell you," said the purchaser. "My wife died about three weeks ago. We had lived together for



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 Detroit—262 Jefferson Ave.
 Chicago—1440 Michigan Blvd.
 St. Louis—3917 Olive St.
 Minneapolis—820 Hennepin Ave.
 St. Paul—162 West 6th St.

West

San Francisco—418 Golden Gate Ave.
 Denver—1534 Glenarm St.
 Seattle—912-14 East Pike St.
 Los Angeles—722 South Olive St.

Kansas City, Mo.—1604 Grand Ave. Atlanta—103 North Pryor St.

ten years, and—I miss her." He paused to wipe his eyes and steady his voice, and then added: "So I've bought this tiger."

"I understand you," said the great showman in a husky voice.

J. M. Bailey.

A Wise Son

Sheridan, the first time he met his son Tom after the marriage of the latter, being seriously angry with him, told him he had made his will and had cut him off with a shilling. Tom said he was, indeed, very sorry, and immediately added: "You don't happen to have the shilling about you now, sir, do you?"



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How They Become Citizens

(Translated from the Hebrew "Big Stick")

The court-house was filled with foreigners. They talk, they cry out aloud, they are studying the questions that will be asked them. Cheap lawyers, five-cent politicians and all kinds of swindlers. An officer, a red-header feller, a big healthy Irish cop turning his club in the air, and chewing tobacco.

Mr. Karpachnik, a Jew with a red eye, and the other one covered with a patch, is at the head of the line.

When the time comes, the clerk calls out "Mr. Karpachnik." Our future voter gets red in the face and walks over to the bar and the questions begin.

CLERK: Who elects the President?

"The people through electric."

"Are you married?"

"Hi! Married."

"Are you a bigamist?"

"Yes."

"A bigamist?"

"Shure."

"How many wives have you?"

"How many wives? Why, one, of course."

"How many States in the United States?"

"Forty-six."

"Can you name them?"

"All right. Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Yonkers, New York, Boston, Oshkosh, Chicago."

"That's enough."

"What is your object in becoming a citizen?"

"I have to get a license to peddle fish."

"How long do you reside here?"

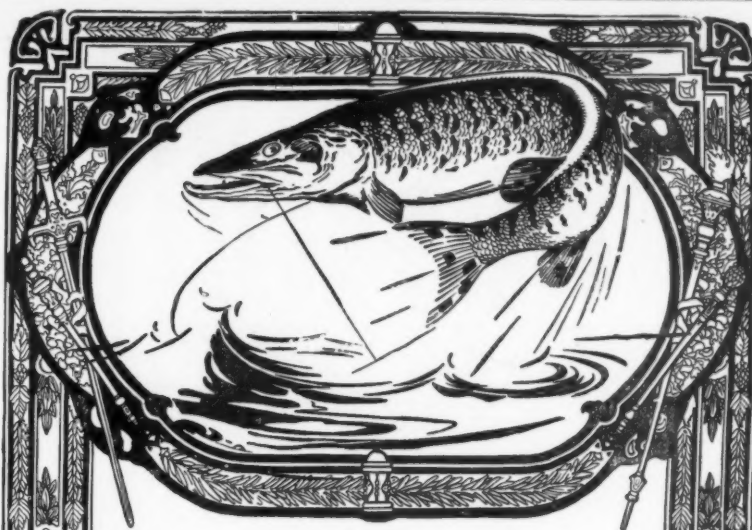
"In Ellis Island. Ask them, they know."

"Who is the President?"

"The President?"

"Yes."

"From our synagogue, yes?"



Shook Itself Like an Angry Bulldog

Ever experience the above—ever fight a "muskie" for a full hour before you brought him to gaff—perhaps—after you had him almost licked he made one mighty leap and shook the spoon? Tired out, weren't you? Kind of sweaty and mad—weren't you? After such a fight nothing in this world equals a cool bottle of

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This competition is open to all artists of America, amateur or professional. The New York Herald is now presenting "Uncle Mun" and "The Tiny Tads." The popularity of these features has made them standard. Have you an idea as funny? Send it in. Remember, all drawings and suggestions must reach THE NEW YORK HERALD, New York City, N. Y., before October 1, 1910.

The New York Herald will pay two thousand dollars to any artist whose idea for a full-page comic feature, drawn by himself, is adjudged to be the best submitted in a competition closing October 1, 1910.

"No, from the United States."
"I can find that out." (Goes away to the side.) "You asked me who the President is. I think it is Hearst."
—MacDougall's Magazine.

When a dog comes up to you wagging his tail, he is trying to make you understand that he takes you for a gentleman and a friend. Don't abuse his confidence with a kick. He has paid you a great compliment and has a right to expect courtesy in return.—Our Dumb Animals.

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(82)

American Gambling

There is too reckless a spirit of gambling about both American finance and American commerce. There is too much artificiality, too much manipulation, too much rigging of prices both in securities and in commodities. The public over there are awakening to the facts, and they are refusing any longer to be hoodwinked and hoaxed. My impression of them is that they are a very gullible community. They have a reputation for as-

tuteness, but my reading of the papers inclines me to believe that when a London sharper successfully plays off the oldest kind of confidence trick the victim is usually a visitor from the United States. The smart Yankees of Wall Street and the Produce Exchange are constantly victimizing the majority. Was it not a famous president who once said: "You can fool all the people part of the time, and you can fool some of the people all the time; but you can't fool all the people all the time"? The truth of this declaration is being demonstrated now. The people are determining to be fooled no longer. They are refusing to come in and bolster up manipulated markets, and the bosses in consequence find themselves glugged with securities they cannot digest. The inevitable result is a fall in prices. That we have seen within the last few days, but is the crisis over yet? I don't think so.—From an English Paper.

A Queer Kind of Savage

When Albert Henry Savage Landor reached St. Petersburg on his way from the forbidden land, the fact was duly chronicled, and the London press associations sent cable messages to Australia telling of the hairbreadth escapes and manifold sufferings. The Melbourne Times received but a short note, which was this:

"A Savage Landor arrived in St. Petersburg to-day from Thibet after suffering greatly at the hands of the natives."

This was meagre enough, but the news editor was equal to the occasion. The following morning, among the other matters of news, the readers of the

Times found this startling information: "A savage landor got into St. Petersburg yesterday, and the people of the city were terrified. After considerable difficulty the beast, which came from Thibet, was captured, taken to a remote place and there dispatched. It is said that this is the first animal of the sort ever seen in Russia. How he reached the city after his fights with the natives of Thibet, which is a comparatively unknown country, is a mystery."

—MacDougall's Magazine.



Well?

How about it? Do we want this? We have already spent approximately a million of dollars for him and a few other — game birds that are all right at home over the seas, but —

The Department of Agriculture is inclined to think we are making a great big, expensive mistake. But are we? It is up to you, Mr. Reader, to decide.

"Our New Game Birds" by Edward Cave, in the September

RECREATION

will help you to figure out whether or not you have been "pounding sand down a rat hole."

Among other features of especial interest to men are articles on

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Many news-stands and book stores sell out their supply of Recreation for each month before the first of that month. Buy your September Recreation now and avoid delay or disappointment. If you like, send us 25 cents and we will mail a copy.

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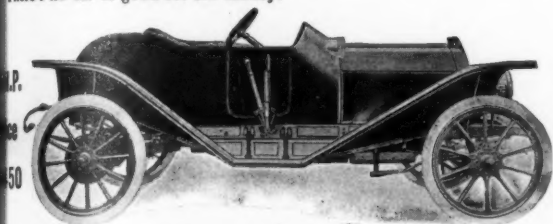
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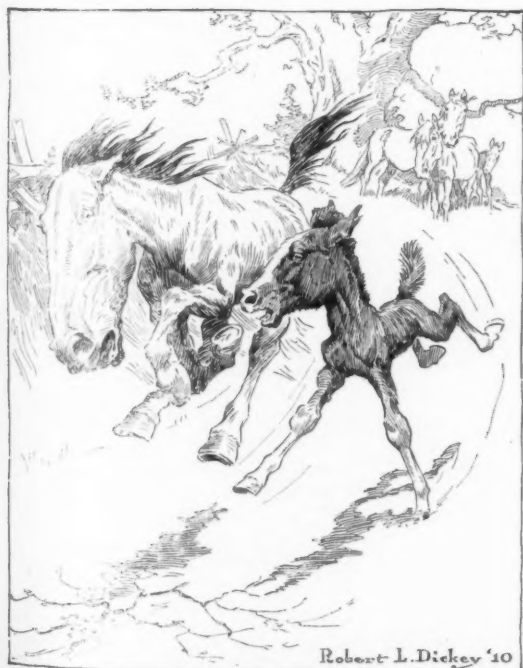
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And in conclusion, ladies and gentlemen, we call attention to the interesting fact that LIFE is the only paper in the country that conveys no information to anyone. You are perfectly safe in reading it through from cover to cover without an effort.

All explained next
week when the
Woman's Fashion
Number
comes out.



The Great Triad

of numbers, of which this Woman's Fashion Number, next week, is the first, demands attention. We wanted to issue a Men's Rights Number. But we didn't dare (that sounds good, coming from us, doesn't it?) do it, without some extenuating circumstances.

These extenuating circumstances (if you can repeat these words ten times in running succession, you are sober and entitled to a sample copy free) are namely, the numbers before and after it, both devoted to Women. That is to say, the schedule is as follows:

Sept. 8 (next week)	Woman's Fashion Number.
Sept. 15	Men's Rights Number.
Sept. 22	Furbelow Number.

This chronological inspiration makes us feel comparatively safe. Next week will come this glorious Woman's Fashion Number, in which we praise the ladies from every conceivable standpoint. Then comes the awful and reprehensible and wicked and unjust and horrid and positively disreputable Men's Rights Number on the 15th. We know we should never recover from it unless we immediately issued another woman's number, which is fully expressed in the word Furbelow—devoted to some of the things that the ladies wear.

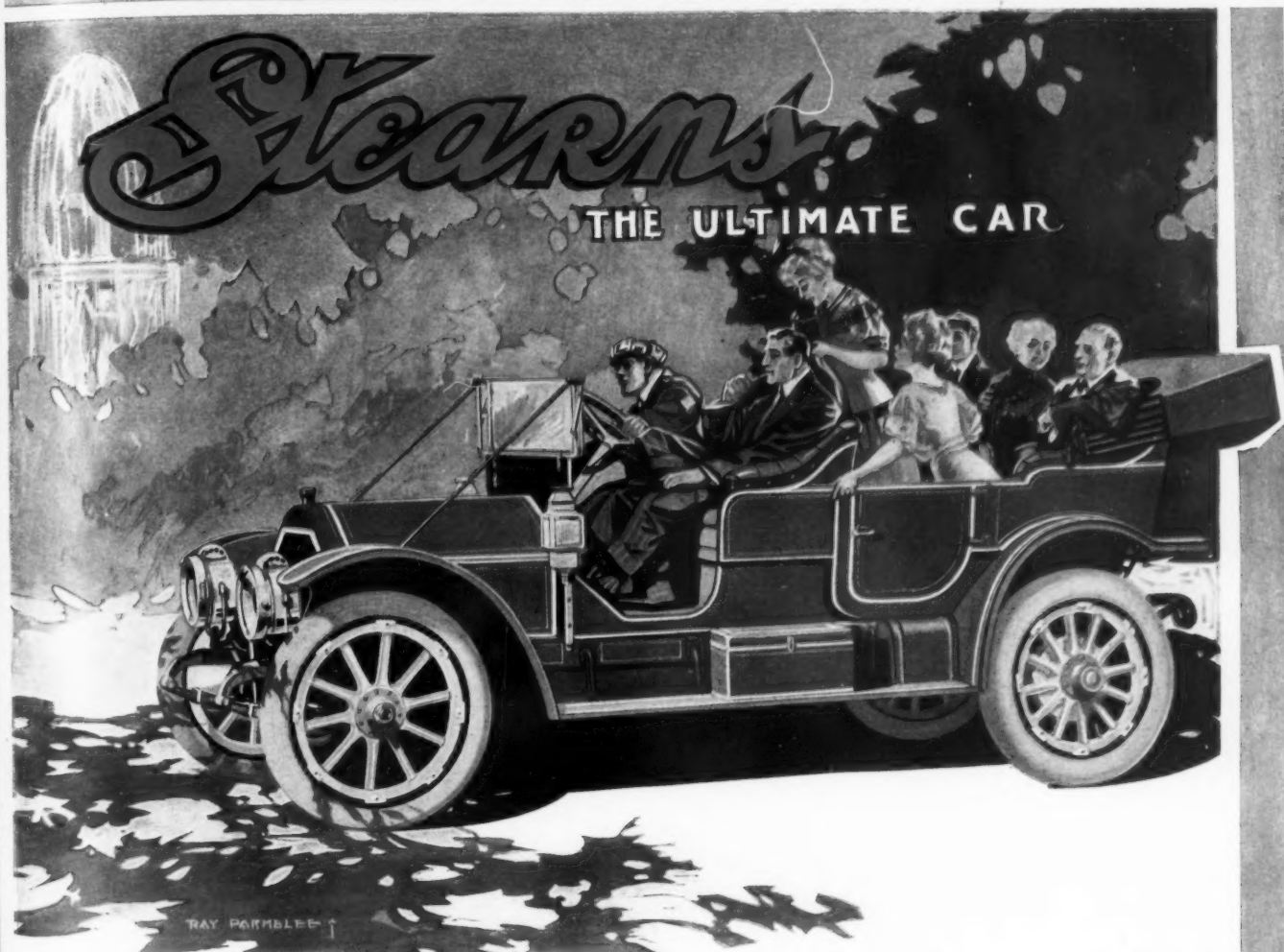
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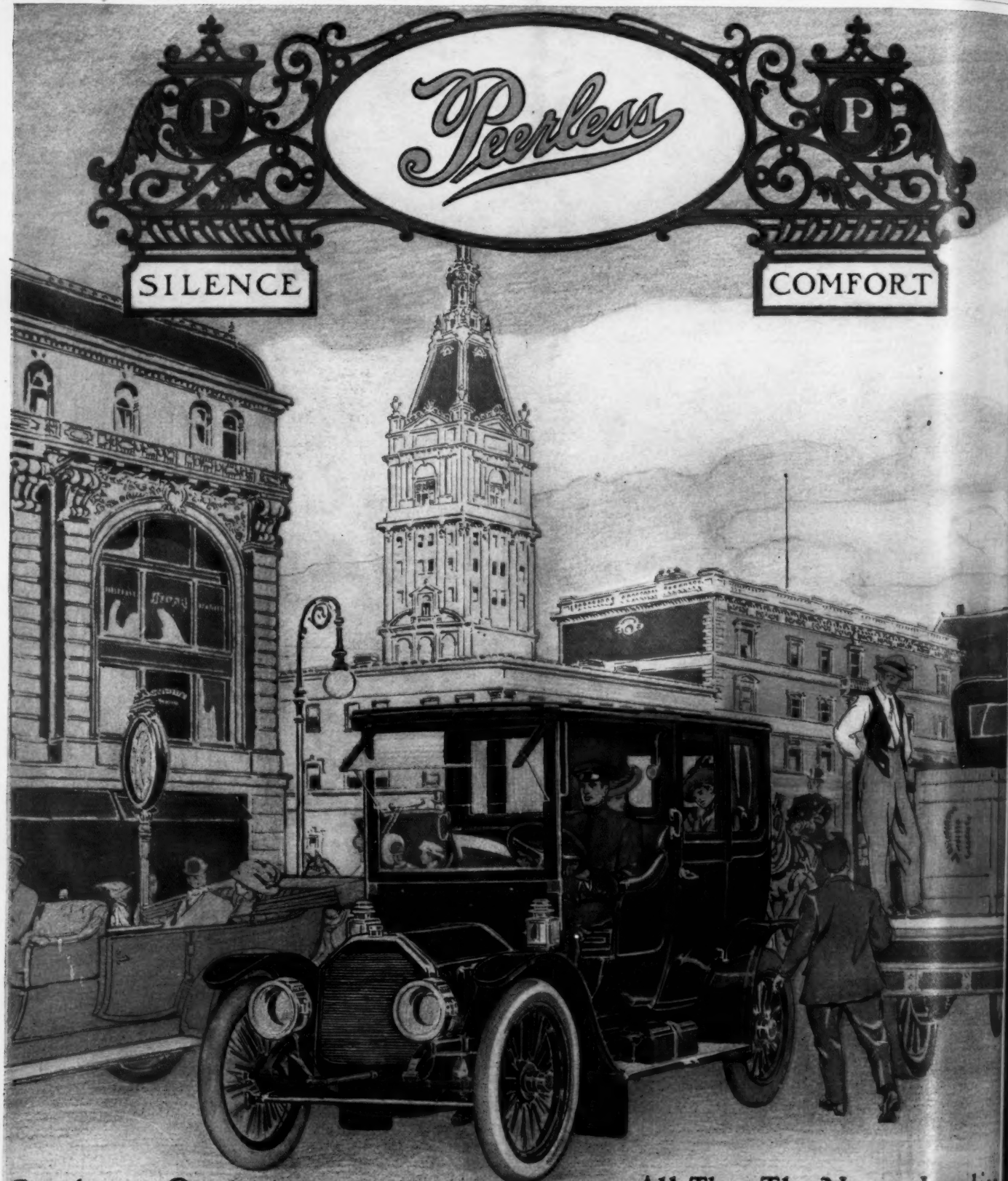
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